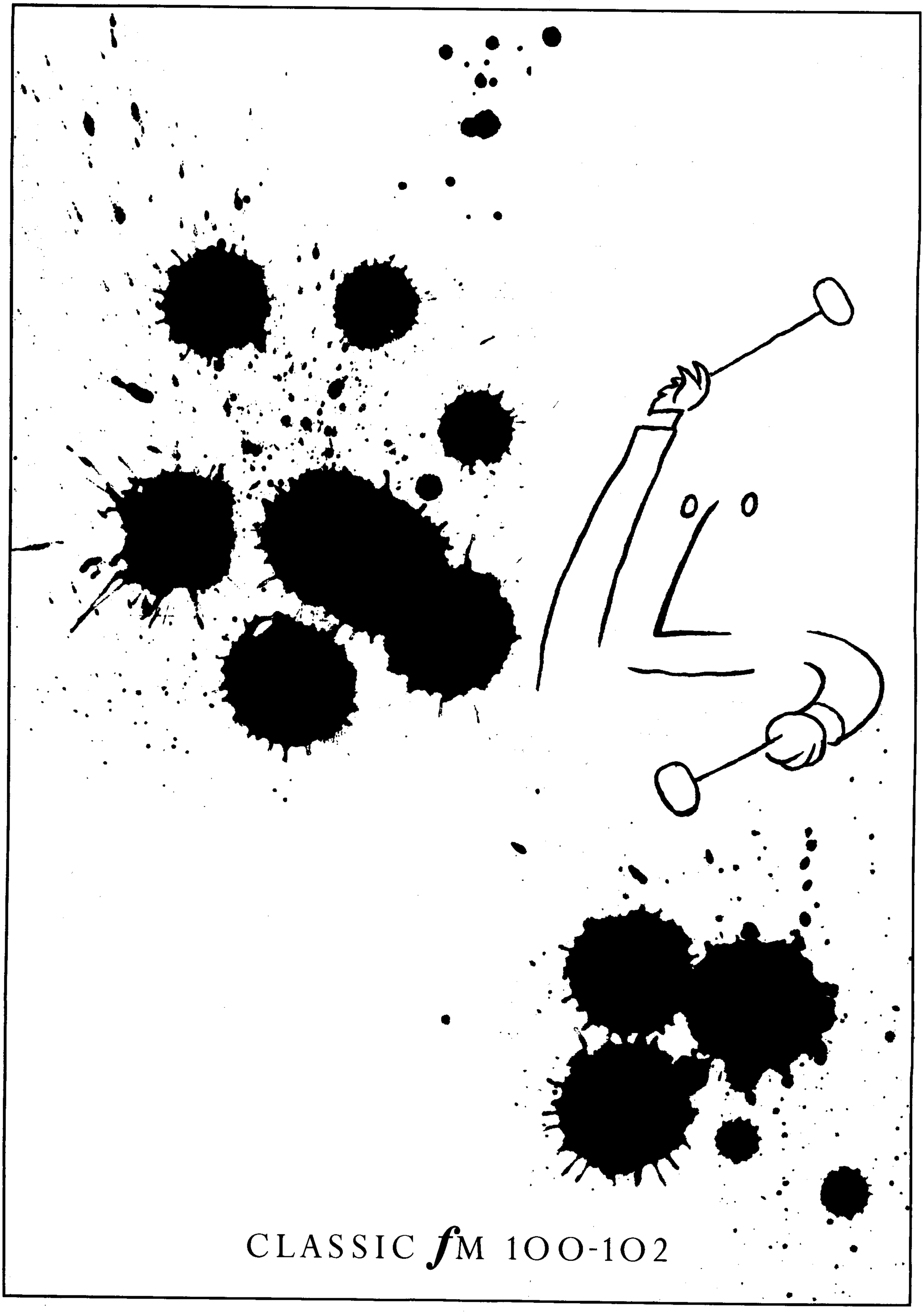
PRIVATE EYE

No. 862
Friday
30 Dec. '94

£1

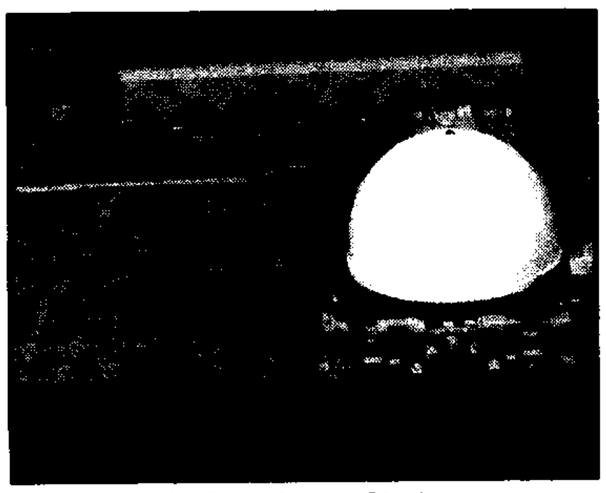
EYE'S MAN OF THE YEAR 1994



CLASSIC *f*M 100-102

Pass Notes

No. 1957: The British Nuclear Industry


Sizewell B Nuclear Power Station

Age: 50

Appearance: prematurely aged white elephant

Occupation: providing over-priced electricity to an already over-supplied market, from potentially explosive reactors.

Is that why it wasn't privatised in '89? Not really. The reason that it failed in the market place in 1989 was the industry's enormous liabilities - literally acres of nuclear waste. A bill for almost £10 billion didn't make a lot of friends in the City.

No problem now though, eh? Lean mean business machine, and all that? In any case, surely money been put aside to clean up the mess? Well some, but what's the point of keeping money in the bank, when they need lots of money just to keep going? So, most of the money - over £1 billion per year - set aside for clapped out power stations and nuclear waste has been spent on a new power station, Sizewell B.

So the prospects are good for a lively future? Well it depends on who you ask: Nuclear Electric is so keen that it wants to be privatised right now.

Nice work, if you can get it. Unfortunately for the Nuclear Industry, not everybody looks at it the same way. The CBI said "on balance the CBI does not find the case for nuclear investment to ensure security of supply compelling."

What does that mean exactly? The UK needs a growing nuclear industry like a fish needs a bicycle.

What will privatising the nuclear industry achieve anyway? Errm... internationally competitive salaries, as well as bonuses, share options and other perks for highly sought-after top executives.

What else? It may just be the end of the nuclear industry. No private sector investor in their right mind would pour the necessary billions into new nuclear power stations.

But isn't the nuclear industry the real "Friend of the Earth"? Er no, actually. Not only do they create impossible-to-deal-with nuclear waste, weapons-capable plutonium, lethal radioactive discharges, and the threat of catastrophic accidents, they aren't needed to deal with global warming or acid rain. Cheaper and better options include energy efficiency, renewables and better use of fossil fuels, such as combined heat and power (CHP).

So what's the real problem? A growing pile of deadly rubbish that won't go away for, say, a million years. The problem is so big that John Gummer - Secretary of State for the Environment - wants to build a hole in the ground in Cumbria - the Nirex Repository - to get the problem out of his hair. Unfortunately the site that Nirex has picked - practically underneath the BNFL plant at Sellafield, coincidentally enough, and cleverly selected for its upward flowing groundwater and earthquake potential - is guaranteed to leak dangerous radioactivity to the environment. (In the meantime, the Government wants to put radioactive waste in a tip near you.)

By the way, who pays for all those nuclear ads? You do, sucker.

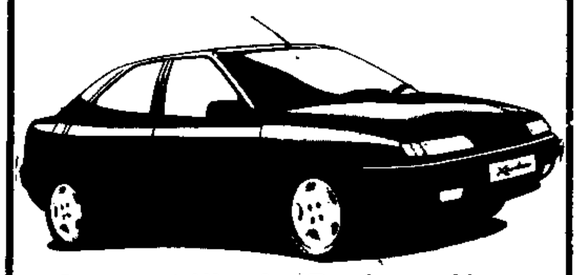
Most likely to say: "Sorry, we've irretrievably wasted lots of your money, but it's cheaper to carry on than stop now."

Least Likely To Say: "Well we've been going fifty years, I guess it's about time we stood on our own two feet".

With thanks to the Guardian

GREENPEACE
CANONBURY VILLAS, LONDON N1 2PN

FOR THE KEENEST QUOTES ON CITROËN CONTRACT HIRE, CALL...



- Contract Hire for Business Users - Choose the vehicle, select the best parameters for your needs and leave the rest to us.

All Contract Hire Contracts include Citroen Assist membership and road tax for the full term.

ROY CHAPMAN LTD
01442 871234

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

HALKI KALYMNOS LEROS
SKIATHOS SKYROS SPETSES
ALONISSOS SYMI NISYROS
LIPSI SKOPELOS TILOS

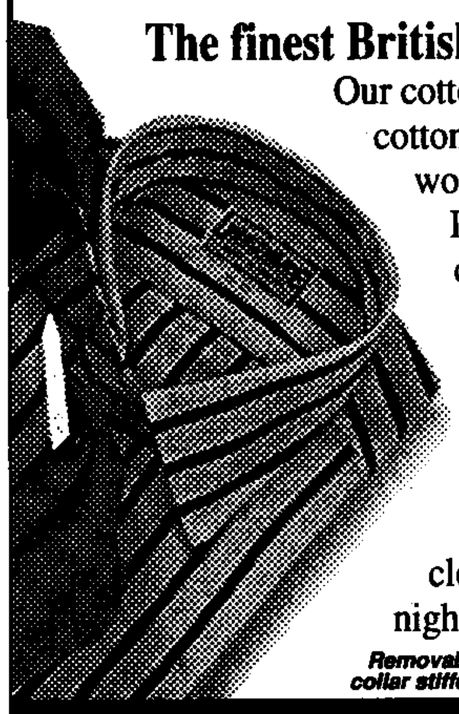
Self Catering Holidays for the discriminating in our Apartments Villas and Traditional Houses.

IT'S ALL IN OUR AMAZINGLY HONEST BROCHURE Tel: 01629 824881 (24hrs)

LASKARINA Ltd.
ABTA 1424 AITO Holidays
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece.

Jermyn Street quality at affordable prices

You do not have to pay Jermyn Street prices for a superbly finished shirt. By dealing direct, we avoid London's expensive West End overheads and pass the benefit on to you. Yet we forfeit none of the quality.



The finest British fabrics

Our cotton shirts are made from pure, two-fold cotton poplin, the shirt fabric chosen by the world's most famous shirtmakers.

Its rich lustre and silken feel make it cool and comfortable to wear all year round yet this quality of cotton poplin stands up to years of use.

Wide range of clothing

Our free colour brochure illustrates our wide range of clothing including shirts, trousers, nightwear and knitwear.

Choice of up to seven sleeve lengths

By offering a choice of up to 7 different sleeve lengths we ensure your shirts fit you perfectly. We combine this with generous cut, long tails and superb finishing to bring you a British shirt which will rival the finest made-to-measure shirt you can buy.

Embroidered initials - the ultimate distinction

Your own initials embroidered on your shirt gives it that ultimate distinctive touch. This and our 24 hour despatch are both part of our commitment to service.

Value for money

Every item in our catalogue represents excellent value for money.

JAMES MEADE LIMITED

To: James Meade Limited, FREEPOST (SN 1676), Andover, Hampshire SP10 3BR. Or telephone 01264 333222 (24 hours). Fax 01264 363200.

Please send me your FREE full colour brochure.

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Title) _____

Address _____

_____

_____ Postcode _____

If you do not want to receive direct mail from other carefully selected companies, please let us know.

BMPEAN

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £16 Europe & Eire: £23 Airmail – rest of world: £29

Magazines to:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque for £ . . . . . for a year's subscription (26 issues)
OR
Please charge ACCESS VISA Card expires: ___ / ___
Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071-228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071-924 3719
Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

PARACHUTE

Have an adventure and face the challenge of a lifetime with **MIND**, the National Association for Mental Health. Help **MIND** to help the 1 in 4 adults who at some stage in their lives suffer some form of mental or emotional distress.

MIND has arranged special discounts with BPA approved centres all over the country, for 2 day training courses, culminating in a *thrilling* static-line jump from *2,000ft.*

If you raise sufficient sponsorship through the jump **MIND** will refund your original fee, making your course **FREE!** You can achieve this ambition on most weekends of the year and raise valuable sponsorship for **MIND**'s work with people in mental/emotional distress. So why not *jump* at the chance and parachute for **MIND!**

FREE FOR MIND!!

For more information and your chance for a free parachute jump call Sky**MIND**ers on 081 522 1741 or return the slip below to:-

Sky**MIND**ers, Granta House, 15/19 Broadway, Stratford, London, E15 4BQ

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

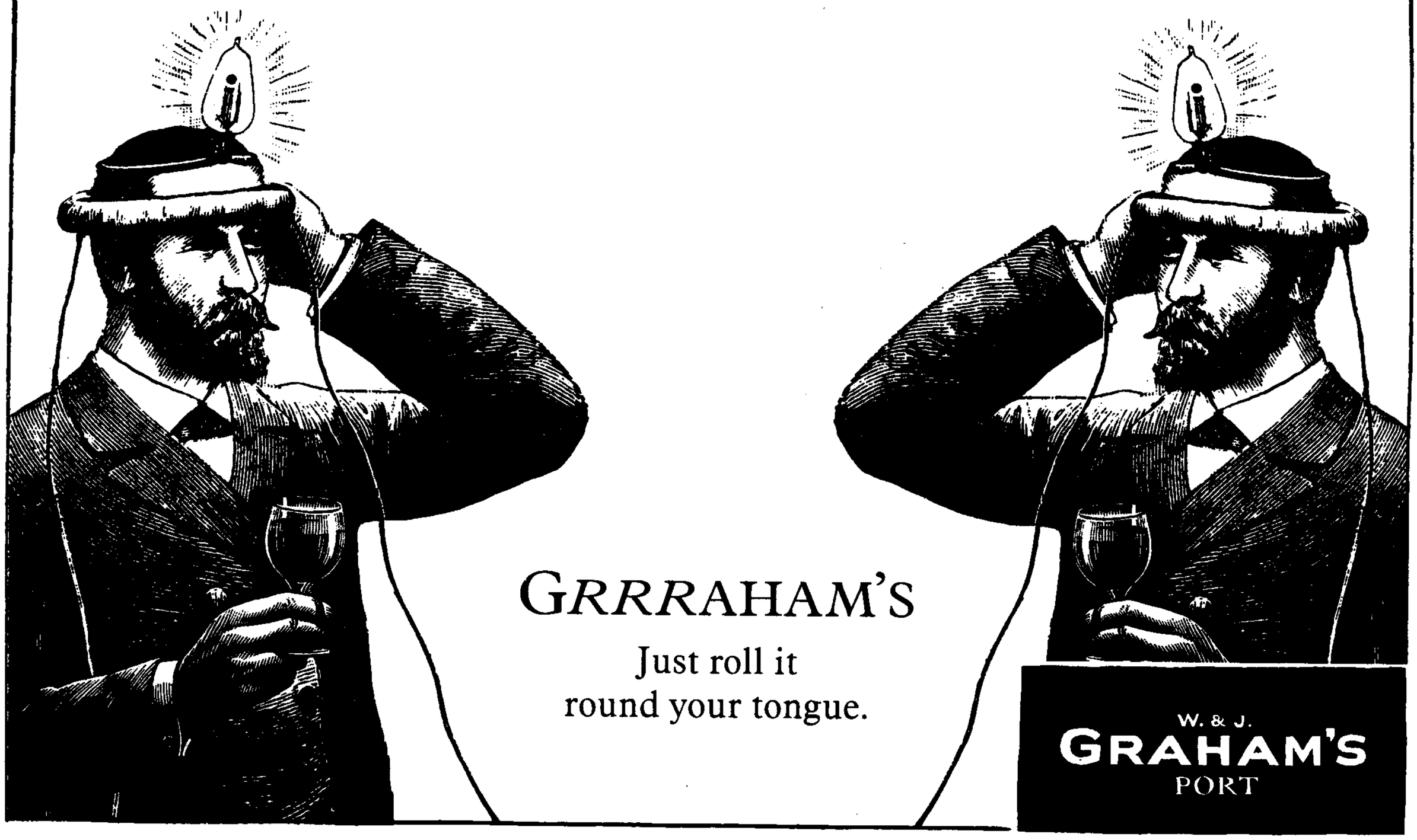
.....

.....

..... POSTCODE .....

Registered Charity No:- 219830- Patron H.R.H Princess Alexandra

GRRREAT MINDS DRINK ALIKE



GRRRAHAM'S

Just roll it
round your tongue.

W. & J.
GRAHAM'S
PORT

Gnome

AT LAST confidence has returned to the High Streets of Britain! If the Government are looking for the Feel Good Factor, they need look no further than British Gnome Stores, my chain of giant supermarts.

After a record-breaking Christmas our January Sales saw queues of shoppers 5 miles long outside the branches in Truro, Dumfermline, Widnes and our flagship store in London's Neasden.

Cash tills were ringing out the good news for the economy! Yes, Britain's shoppers are putting the country back on the spending map!

I am delighted to announce that because of the unprecedented success of the Pre-Christmas Sale, the Christmas Day Sale, and the Post-Christmas Sale, British Gnome Stores has decided to extend the latest sale throughout February, March, April and, indeed, right through to Christmas 1995.

My advice to Joe Public and his lady wife is simple. "Hurry, hurry, hurry, down to British Gnome Stores!" Our shops are groaning full of bargains that have just got to go!!

Come on please! Please! For God's sake! What's wrong with you, you tight-fisted bastards?!

E. Strobes
Senior Customer Relations Manager
pp. Lord Gnome
The House of Gnome
Neasden

'DESPERATE 'Я' US'

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£16 per annum. Europe and Eire £23.
Airmail – rest of world £29.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588.
Fax: 071-924 3719
Editorial
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

COLOUR SECTION

THE fatcat electricity supply industry is preparing to receive heaps of public scorn as it announces record profits and dividends — with a modest windfall of £5 billion to come from the sale of the national grid.

Led by regulator Professor Stephen Littlechild, the industry is trying to head off criticism by claiming prices have come down in real terms since privatisation. But this trick can only be achieved if everyone forgets how, pre-privatisation, the government fattened up the industry at public expense to make it attractive to a few speculators.

In the three years before the 1990 sell-off, electricity prices were increased by 15 per cent when they should actually have fallen by 4 per cent because British Coal had reduced its price to the electricity industry by £850 million. Since then world energy prices have fallen — but Britain is alone in not passing this fall on to customers.

THE Royal Academy of Engineering is set to issue a report in the next few weeks that will cause havoc for ferry companies.

It will say that regardless of cost roll-on, roll-off ships must be modified to ensure they stay upright for at least 30 minutes after "a significant ingress of water" to give passengers a chance of survival.

The academy, grouping 850 of the country's top engineers, is supported financially by the cabinet office, through its office of public service and science, and by industry. It will be hard for the government or the ferry companies to brush aside a report from such a source.

The president of the academy, Sir William Barlow, has commented that more than 900 passengers on the ferry Estonia died while 1,000 passengers on the Achille Lauro were saved because the design of the liner enabled it to remain upright and afloat for many hours, making evacuation possible.

He adds: "Passengers on ro-ro ships are entitled to expect the same standards to ensure survival as those which apply to conventional passenger vessels. Engineering solutions are available and cost or operational disadvantages must not be allowed to stand in the way of this entirely logical objective."

P&O and Stena Sealink may not have quite the same attitude.

THE government's rail privatisation plot to make our roads even more congested by transferring traffic to them from the railway is working so well even trains are now going by road.

Hard-up rail operators are moving locomotives around the country by low loader rather than pay Railtrack's track access charges. The charges, which operators have to pay for each train that uses Railtrack's lines, are ludicrously high because the government wants Railtrack to generate an 8 percent return by the time it is sold off — just before the next general election.

British Rail used to move locos by road to a limited extent — if they were too badly broken to be moved safely by rail without disrupting normal services — but since the advent of Railtrack, operators increasingly find they can only afford to pay access charges for trains which bring in revenue from passengers or freight. Engines in need of repair don't — so the most economical way to move them is by road.

Why are the economics so arse-about-face? Because road hauliers and other road users don't pay to use state-owned roads by the mile, but rail operators are expected to pay dearly for every yard moved on state-owned rail lines. Even though the locos, which weigh anything from 60 to 120 tonnes, must cause immense wear and tear on the roads, it is still cheaper to transport them by lorry. The extra wear and tear, congestion and danger on the roads caused by this practice don't bother the government one bit. On the contrary, the custom brings in helpful pocket money for the Government's pals in the road lobby.

"DON'T tell the president" — that is the message to British Nuclear Fuels staff from Dr Jon M. Bird, BNFL's government relations director.

The internal memo, circulating at BNFL headquarters in Warrington, urges staff not to be too forthcoming in their "many contacts" with Michael Heseltine's department of trade, which is BNFL's single "shareholder".

The memo says: "We are currently engaged in a debate with our shareholder about the degree of control to be exercised over the company's affairs. As you might imagine, this could well prove crucial to the company's future… "

Bird clearly has other worries, too, and fears "an unhelpful impression of the company can be given if care is not taken. A specific area may be politically sensitive overseas business."

Could this be a reference to BNFL's negotiations with the US to import tankerloads of radioactive nitric acid from Hanford in Washington State, a residue of the weapons programme? Or to taking spent fuel rods from Iran? Or to entering into an agreement with South Korea, where BNFL has opened an office? All these might appeal to BNFL, but not to a government desperate to avoid any new embarrassment.

IF John Major is serious about retiring and becoming a banker (sic), he should take a leaf out of his ex-friend Norman Lamont's book and apply to Rothschild's.

Rothschild's has started a new investment trust, seductively entitled the Equity Consort Investment Trust. Directors include elderly luminaries from blue chip companies who are supposedly well qualified to judge the market: Jeffrey Bowler from Sun Alliance, for instance; or Somerset Gibbs from Manganese Bronze; or Richard Lloyd, chairman of the merchants of death, Vickers, and deputy chairman of the merchant bank Hill Samuel.

The most difficult job of all will be to decide what grotesque figure these directors will be paid for what will probably be, for most of them, monthly discussion meetings. This will be decided by the non-executive directors, the most famous of whom has just been announced. He is Norman Lamont, former chancellor of the exchequer and now all-purpose financial expert. Forget politics, John — this is the real thing.

"At last we've found the Feelgood Factor. It's in the Labour Party"

MORE NEWS OVER

HALON and its use in the Channel tunnel has been highlighted again by the recent fire in the tunnel's Shuttle, the train that carries motor vehicles under the sea.

The panic-stricken Chunnel management did a grand job in keeping details of the fire from the public — but they could not deflect Mr Kevin Shilleto, a shipping consultant whose campaign about the use of Halon was highlighted in the *Eye* on 9 September.

Mr Shilleto stressed that the tunnel authorities intended to use Halon only "as a last resort". This was, he said, absurd since Halon "can only be effective in putting out a fire if it is used at once".

Exactly three months after the article, on 9 December, a fire broke out in a car on the Shuttle while it was stationary at Folkestone. The car was evacuated without loss of life or serious injury, though a couple of firefighters were taken to hospital. In an angry letter to the Channel tunnel safety authority on 12 December, Mr Shilleto pointed out:

- That the fire had taken place in stark defiance of all the official assurances that a fire in the Shuttle was a "film scenario".
- That portable extinguishers were not used or proved ineffective as they would be for an engine fire.
- That failure to use Halon at once put at risk the lives of the firefighters.
- And that "this graphic example of a Shuttle fire proves that Halon is an agent of first and last resort. To proceed with current fire fighting methods would be folly beyond understanding as would also certification of the Shuttle without full review of fire precautions and, most particularly, Halon use".

After a not altogether comforting reply from a Mr Fudger (*sic*), who stressed that the two firefighters were not badly injured, the Shuttle was certificated and went into public service towards the end of December.

PS: Almost immediately (ie on the 27th) it broke down, leaving passengers on the Waterloo-bound Eurostar train travelling behind it trapped in the middle of the tunnel for an anxious three-quarters of an hour. All very reassuring.

EDUCATION NEWS

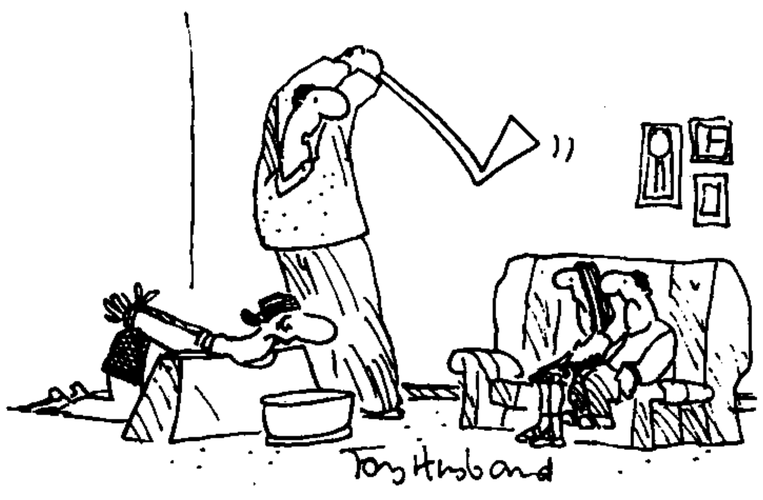
PERFORMANCE indicators... flexible contracts... employee stress... No, not another memo from John Birt's BBC but a snapshot of the exciting free market culture to be found in our colleges of further education.

At Wakefield College, for example, lecturers have been pressured to accept "flexible" contracts that are so flexible they mean a 40 percent increase in workload for a 2.9 percent pay rise.

Threats of redundancy and late night phone calls have been the gentle methods used by management to persuade staff to sign.

The lecturers are also coping with the rigours of Total Quality Management and other daft mission statements, laid out in their new in-house glossy magazine. Meanwhile in the college itself, books are in short supply — but this hasn't stopped the management's festive celebrations. The bill for their Christmas dinner, at £45 a head, would buy 200 hours of teaching time or 250 textbooks.

Not surprisingly many staff are off suffering from stress-related illnesses.



"Believe me, children, if Mummy and Daddy could sort this out any other way we would"

Street of Shame

THE prime minister's leader-page article for the *Mail on Sunday* shortly before Christmas was written in uncharacteristically brisk tabloidese. Connoisseurs of his turgid prose style must have wondered: was it really all his own work?

Er, no. Major's message was in fact ghost-written by *MoS* executive Roger Rosewell, former industrial organiser of the Socialist Workers' Party!

THE *Mail on Sunday*'s traditional staff Christmas party resulted in a number of arrests after a dispute over womenfolk turned ugly.

Police were twice called to the party at a hostelry in genteel Kensington, and one *MoS* sub who wielded a glass at a colleague spent the night in a police cell.

Most amusingly, the fracas took place on the same day *MoS* editor Jonathan Holborow lunched with Sir Paul Condon, the Metropolitan police commissioner. They discussed the rising tide of violent crime in London.

"NEVER work for a liberal newspaper," the late Philip Hope-Wallace used to say. "It always sacks you before Christmas."

The truth of this has been proved by Ian Hargreaves, new editor of the *Indescribablypious*, who celebrated the festive season by firing several hacks who had worked for the paper ever since it was founded, including Oliver Gillie, Peter Dunn and Ngaio Crequer. Many of them had joined the *Indie* in the first place precisely because they were fed up with the bullying methods of "traditional" Fleet Street bosses.

One victim, Peter Dunn, was doubly peeved to learn that someone in the editor's office had also removed his name from the invitation list for a "Farewell to City Road" party which was supposed to be open to anyone who had ever been employed by the paper. "Such petty mischief, depriving us of an opportunity to say goodbye to our friends, is surely indicative of the siege mentality of the paper's survivors in their dustless new *Daily Mirror* tower block," he wrote in a furious letter to Hargreaves.

"I was actually sent an invitation, but anonymously. The reason for this, it transpires, was that some colleagues hoped I might bring one of my ferrets up from deepest Dorset and stick it up your little trouser leg."

NIGEL Pratt-Dumpster, *Daily Mail* diarist, has had a troubled year.

First, Kate Sissons, a member of his team, won a £12,000 pay-off after threatening the company with a lawsuit (Dumpster had persistently referred to her as "the c*nt", and had once thrown a copy of *Who's Who* at her, though he missed).

And now, the *Eye* can reveal, the *Mail* is to face another lawsuit arising from the less than convivial atmosphere in Pratt-Dumpster's office.

Dumpster's secretary of several years' standing, Melanie, has resigned in a huff and is planning to take him to an industrial tribunal. The cause of the rift was the attendance at the annual diarists' lunch of Ulla, the hackette who replaced Sissons.

The "diarists' lunch" is actually a gathering of miserable wretches who have all served time on either the Hickey/Benson column or on Pratt-Dumpster's own. This year's event was not only boycotted by the Benson team, but was marred by the fact that Melanie presented Pratt-Dumpster with an ultimatum. When he stood firm, she duly walked and is now intending to sue for constructive dismissal.

HAPLESS *Daily Mirror* editor Colin Myler was haunted by the Ghost of Tabloids Past in the week before Christmas, when Kelvin Mackenzie decided to sit in on his editorial conference.

Kelvin went through that day's *Mirror* page by page pointing out its shortcomings, before delivering his overall verdict: "This is shit!"

"Well, it may be," Myler snapped, "but I'm the editor and I decide what goes into this paper."

Unaccustomed to having his opinions treated with such disdain, Kelvin tossed the rag to the floor and walked out.

IN THE last *Eye* we revealed that *Sun* editor Stuart Higgins had killed an article by Richard Littlejohn attacking his fellow Wapping columnist Lord Wyatt of Weeford.

Now a helpful mole in Wapping has sent us the full text of Littlejohn's "banned" column — and rollicking good stuff it is too. It seems a pity this spirited invective should be lost to posterity merely because of Higgins's cowardice. So, as a public service, here's a sample:

"Woodrow Wyatt, the senile, bow-tied *News of the World* columnist, calls himself 'The Voice of Reason'.

"His writing style is pedestrian and patronising, rarely rising above The Cat Sat on the Mat level.

"Every week he insults the intelligence of *News of the World* readers.

"His real talent is brown-nosing. He is the king of Arslikhan...

"His grovelling earned him the title of Lord Wyatt of Weeford, wherever the hell that is.

"Most of his life is spent swanning around racecourses at the taxpayers' expense...

"He has an undisguised contempt for working people...

"He will lick the backside of whichever leader is in power...

"His flattery of the prime minister is cringe-making. Yet if Major falls in a leadership contest, our Woodrow will be up the backside of his successor quicker than you can say 'suppository'...

"Is it any wonder that he is known to readers of *Viz* magazine as 'The Voice of Alzheimer's'?"

The headline over the column was, inevitably, "Wyatt Twerp".

THE *Grauniad*'s legendary msipritns have reached the marketing department, home of exciting subscription offers promising "three weeks' papers for 20p a day".

Those who cut out the coupon had no joy when they arrived at the newsagent's, however. The small print on the back of the coupon only promised newsagents a credit of 20p, with no handling allowance mentioned. Worse, the newsagent was only promised a reimbursement for one discounted copy, whereas readers had to sign up for 18, all supposedly priced at 20p. Not surprisingly, the corner shops refused to play ball.

The *Graun*'s marketing types admitted "it's a cock-up". But they aren't going to put it right because they only expected "a handful" of people to be interested anyway.

O·B·N

Dear Santa:

All I want is for the Queen to announce, during her speech, that she will abdicate in one year's time in favour of her wholly exceptional, intelligent, sensitive and hardworking son, the Prince of Wales — who will then help his country towards the millennium. That's all.

BEL MOONEY (journalist and – not mentioned in the article – wife of Charles's biographer J. Dimbleby) Independent Magazine

Submitted by Sasha Lubetkin.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

SPOOKS & SPOOKMEN

***GUARDIAN* hack Seamus Milne has published a book suggesting that MI5 was behind the *Daily Mirror*/Cook Report exposé of Arthur Scargill in 1990.**

Scargill's secret bank accounts (see *Eyes passim*) were not, in fact, handed over to the *Daily Mirror* by spies but by Scargill's former minder, Jim Parker, and by the then editor of the *Miner*, Maurice Jones.

The sources for the "MI5 link", according to Milne, are "special contacts" in the British security forces. What a pity, then, they didn't tell him about the *Guardian*'s KGB agent, Richard Gott.

Perhaps it's not a very good time for *Guardian* journalists to be accusing other hacks of collaborating with the spooks.

LEGAL NEWS

THE row between two senior QCs, David Cocks and Jonathan Goldberg, which arose out of the Roger Levitt case, is rumbling on with the prospect of a truly vicious outcome, we can reveal.

A year ago Cocks complained to the bar council that Goldberg had wilfully misled the jury about Levitt's motives during his opening speech at the trial. (The trial judge, too, had been appalled at what he called Goldberg's "forensic myopia".)

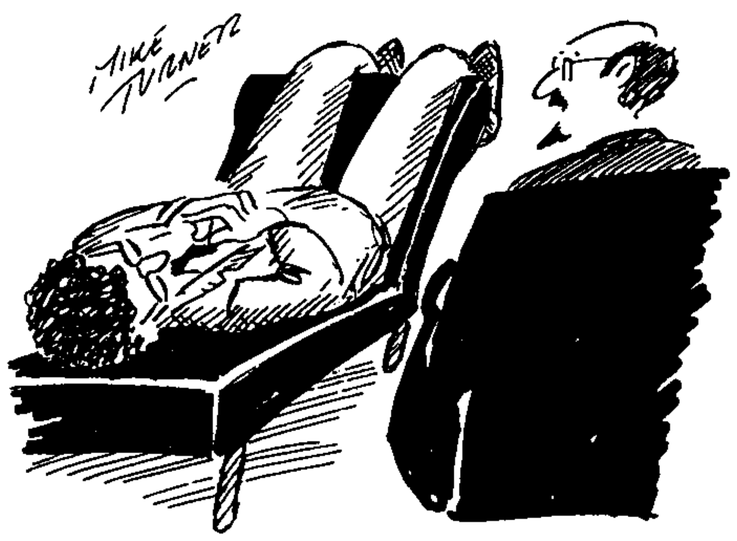
Goldberg hoped the complaint would be dismissed, but has been mortified to hear that the bar council has decided to go ahead and take Cocks's complaint to a formal hearing.

Goldberg is now telling colleagues he has hired one of the best cross-examiners in the business to represent him and that Cocks will be minced. Presumably he intends to call into question Cocks's own role in the Levitt trial — he criticised the light sentence of 180 hours' community service knowing full well that the plea-bargain deal he had agreed with Goldberg had depended on the judge indicating that he would award a non-custodial sentence!

AT the Christmas meeting of the Haldane Society of Labour Lawyers, in Chancery Lane, the comradely atmosphere was soured when QC Jeremy McMullen made a speech denouncing a "scurrilous" magazine called *Private Eye*.

The revolting organ's offence was apparently to cast doubt upon Mr McMullen's socialist credentials when reporting his appearance on behalf of the defence in the highly lucrative Dame Shirley Porter vote-rigging case.

Colleagues managed to pull McMullen back into his seat but not before *Private Eye* was described as a "rag penned by hypocrites". At this, some of those present could no longer contain their mirth. For was not the fuming QC once the radical "Jerry" McMullen, hardline research officer with the General and Municipal Workers Union? Now with two homes and private school fees to support, Brother McMullen may well know something about hypocrisy, m'learned comrades snigger cruelly!



"I just don't seem to do anything right..."

HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! *WE ARE delighted to see old age has not mellowed Sir Edward Heath. On the night of the Vat on fuel vote — so important to people of his age — he was to be found at Harrods being as cantankerous as ever.*

He was there to sign copies of his new book of carols, and when offered a choice of red or white wine he contemptuously demanded malt whisky and water. When told there wasn't any, he snorted: "Rubbish! This is Harrods, isn't it?" A minion was then sent scurrying to the food hall and returned with a bottle on a silver salver.

Fortified, the former prime minister set about flogging his tome, telling every punter they should buy extra copies for his or her sisters, cousins and aunts. He was not, though, happy with the take-up. "Slow today," he told one bystander. "Last time I did this I sold 480 copies an hour. Must get back to the House for the vote..."

As an OAP who counts the pennies, he was no doubt pleased by the effect the vote will have on his winter fuel bills.

HALLO! PRINCESS Anne and her very ordinary husband Commander Tim Laurence have received a rude letter threatening eviction from their London home.

The couple have a modest apartment at Dolphin Square — the luxury complex (restaurant, swimming pool, gym, etc) in Westminster — as do many MPs, including the likes of Sir David Steel.

Dolphin Square residents have received a circular from the management pointing out that if they do not spend an average of at least four nights a week there they are in breach of their contract. How Mr and Mrs Laurence can be expected to spend four nights a week in London *and* get in a full week's hunting in Gloucestershire is anybody's guess.

HALLO! BUMPTIOUS chef Nico Ladenis may have three of the trendiest eateries in town, but it seems his shareholders still go hungry.

According to last year's accounts, Chez Nico Restaurants Limited (Chez Nico, Nico Central, Simply Nico) had an operating loss of £48,959. Not many dividends there.

Fortunately, however, the genius of Nico will be rewarded by a few crumbs from this sorry table. As chairman he paid himself £144,444 — exactly double his previous year's emoluments! Nico's vivacious wife Dinah-Jane, as the other director, also managed a second helping. Her salary doubled to £124,035.

HALLO! *THERE are still places on earth, it seems, where the great name of Maxwell is revered. In Bulgaria, for example, budding entrepreneurs still proudly display their certificates from the Robert Maxwell Business School.*

Built some years ago by the socialist billionaire in the foothills of Mount Vitosha, 30 minutes drive from Sofia, the school is now a hotel and conference centre, partly owned by the state, and partly by "selected" private companies.

Kevin and Ian, the Marquesa is told, still visit regularly, which would surely make their old dad very proud indeed.

HALLO! *THE dinner parties of MP turned tabloid TV host Robert Kilroy-Silk are known for their dazzling wit and elegance — but two very distinguished guests overindulged themselves recently.*

The were Sir Nicholas Lloyd, editor of the Daily Express, and his equally distinguished wife Lady Eve Bollard, who is not the editor of the Sunday Express. When given a lift home after a recent Kilroy salon, they appear to have crossed swords; Lady Lloyd, it seems, expressing the opinion that Sir Nicholas had no idea how to edit a national newspaper.

Not so, replied her husband heatedly. It was La Bollard who didn't have the faintest idea of what she was doing in that regard. Voices were raised — unnecessarily, as it turned out, because both in their own way were correct.

HALLO! WHO SAYS Carol Thatcher is not as imperious as her mother? Carol has been exchanging furious letters with builders over work on her new home in south London. The feisty miss has deducted £2,386.43 from their bill of £6,392.88.

That, claims the former close friend of Jonathan "Ritz" Aitken, is the sum she has had to pay someone else to re-do their work. "Please note that should you be contemplating sending the bailiffs in, thanks to a very comprehensive burglary when you were on site," writes Carol, "there is absolutely nothing of any value in the above premises."

Ms Thatcher, with piquantly unparliamentary language, concludes: "Please don't attempt to extract money from Baroness Thatcher. She has inspected the site and fully recognises a crap job when she sees one."

HALLO! NEW YEAR'S greetings to two of Britain's most popular men, David Mellor and Andrew Neill. Curiously, the Marquesa has learnt, they both once shared digs together in London — but one hesitates to speculate what exotic wares must have jostled in their bathroom cabinet.

When lunching with David recently he seemed extremely excited to hear news of his old flatmate — in particular our description of the latest Asian "babe" that Drew was to be seen squiring around town before Christmas.

"How on earth does he do it?" David asks me incredulously. "He's so ugly."

HALLO! *OUR old friend Lord Longford was understandably crestfallen to hear the news that Myra Hindley will never be released from jail, but rumours that he was drowning his sorrows in copious draughts of alcohol at the House of Lords just before Christmas are quite irresponsible.*

He was seen attempting to negotiate the glass-covered scanning device embedded in the cobblestones of Palace Yard, which reads security prints of the underside of MPs' cars. He seemed to be ice-skating and it took two attendants to secure him. Thereafter, he narrowly missed being run over by two taxis, each of which was obliged to screech to a halt.

The officer who told me that "when the peers have a drink, they really have a drink" deserves to have his ears boxed. He evidently did not appreciate that Frank is extremely short-sighted.

HALLO! WE ARE greatly looking forward to the opening of Allied Dunbar Assurance's exciting new offices at Hirzel Court later this month.

The ceremony will be performed by a very important businessman indeed — George Greener, chief executive of BAT Industries, the tobacco giant — who will be able to tell us why it is so important for health reasons that the new workplace has been designated a non-smoking office.

The Marquesa

IN THE TEAROOM

THERE'S nothing like a crushing by-election defeat and a drop of seasonal spirit to bring a rosy, optimistic glow to the cheeks of some Tory backbenchers.

After a wet night in Dudley, suddenly it was glad, confident morning again. "It'll be different in the new year," MPs reassured one another. "We can put on a united front and proclaim the good news of recovery."

Cheerfulness in adversity is a Tory reflex, like loyalty used to be. But well before Christmas cannier folk were already talking turkey. The chancellor's heavily trailed tax cuts have given them something to carve-up. There's clearly not going to be enough dosh for everyone, so who should get it? The poor? Of course not, they don't pay income tax. The once-Thatcherite skilled working-class, then? Or perhaps the Tories' core supporters in the stockbroker belt?

"It's no use saying 'family hold back' to the middle-class, any longer," said an MP who's vulnerable to the Liberal Democrats somewhere in the south of England. "Everyone's making too much of the need to bring Essex Oik back on board... you have to understand you get no gratitude from people like that."

Colleagues in seats where Labour comes second disagree. Indeed, we can expect to hear quite frequently in the coming weeks the cry "what about the workers?" from, of all places, the plumply upholstered rows behind the government frontbench. A united front? Fat chance.

'Urquhart'

WHY are so many Labour MPs and activists looking up tired old speeches of Neil Kinnock from long before he became Labour leader in 1983?

Most of those speeches stressed the "wonderful contribution" made by the Labour party to university education. Had it not been for free university education for poor boys from the valleys, for instance, Kinnock used to say, he himself would never have arrived, and nor would countless other people in the audiences he was inspiring.

Kinnock made his name as the party's education spokesman, proclaiming above all else the "road to equal opportunity" opened out by a higher education system entirely free of charge. These speeches are expected to conflict rather embarrassingly with the new leadership's concern to charge higher education students by taxing them all their life on a new socialist basis: the snobbier the university, the higher the tax rate.

AS local Labour parties vote against Tony Blair's plan to abolish the party's historic commitment to electoral defeat and socialism — clause four of the constitution — it looks as if Blair will have to rely on the sons of toil from whom he is trying so hard to distance himself.

He has been assured by Bill Morris, general secretary of the Transport and General, that he will try to deliver his giant union's backing. It will not be easy as it has a left-wing executive. So why is Morris sticking his neck out? Because he is afraid of facing a head-on collision with one of his deputies, Jack Dromey, who is more like a politician than a trade union leader: he usually works at Labour headquarters during elections.

Dromey also happens to be married to Blair's putative minister for employment, Harriet Harman, who is an ardent Blairite. But she has a problem: the party in her own constituency of Peckham, south-east London, is one of those that has come out against any change in the clause.

The question for Blair is: what sort of sweetener can he throw Morris and other union leaders to enable them to persuade their own restless members?

SO who is David Boddy, the former Thatcher political aide who has convinced the government to buy 20 new Hercules transport planes from American giants Lockheed rather than from our own British Aerospace?

Boddy, a former Tory party communications director, heads Westminster lobbying firm Market Access International, which can now expect a patriotic £750,000 "win bonus" for convincing the cabinet — if not Michael Heseltine — to buy American.

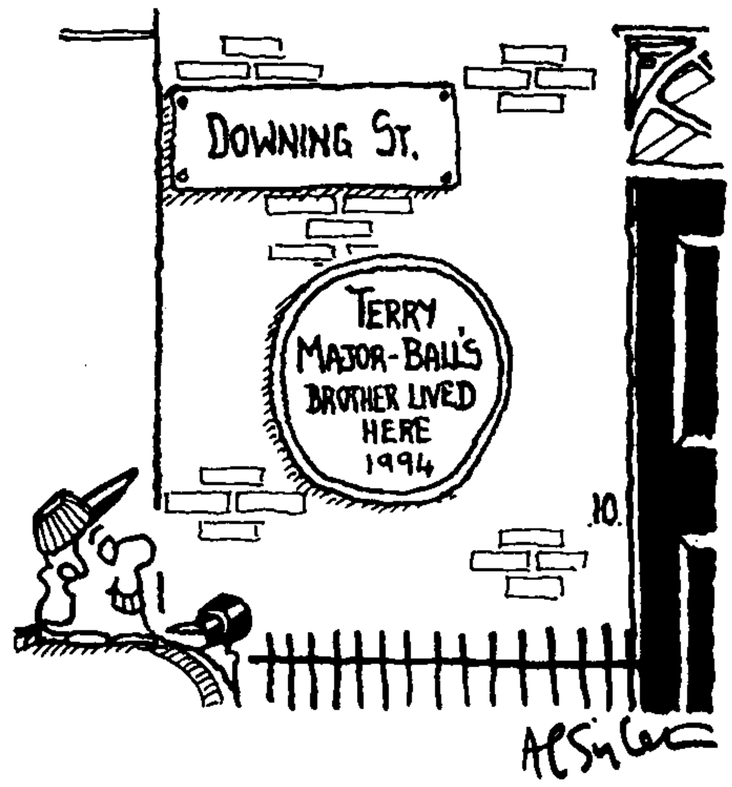
The *Eye* can reveal that Boddy is also a senior member of, and spokesman for, the School of Economic Science (see *Eyes passim*), a religious cult heavily criticised for the alleged indoctrination techniques it uses to preach its obscure beliefs.

Boddy regularly defends these beliefs in public — among them the belief that sex out of wedlock is sinful and pop music leads to drug addiction. Presumably he knew nothing of the amount of time British officials on Lockheed-sponsored trips to Georgia spent inside nightclubs and girlie bars? After all, despite leaving his central office job in 1983, Boddy rushed back to help when his pal Cecil Parkinson was on the spot over extra-marital activities.

THE Liberal Democrats will seize the political initiative in the new year with the launch on 11 January of a brilliantly original idea: the "MPs' Charter".

Dreamed up by their think tank — the *Western Gazette*, Paddy Ashdown's Yeovil constituency newspaper — panels of local worthies will monitor MPs' constituency activities and voting records. And if a lazy MP is not up to scratch? "They'll be out on their ears," a sanctimonious LibDem spokeswoman said.

This new charter should do wonders in exposing indolent public servants: MPs like the one who missed three quarters of the Commons votes in the last parliamentary session and who came 625th out of 650 in the league table of appearances by MPs in the voting lobbies — MPs, in short, like the LibDems' own Paddy Pollsdown.



MORE detail has emerged of the Rt Hon Archie Hamilton's plans for the 1,900-acre royal naval armaments depot at Trecwn, Dyfed — whose closure he oversaw while minister for the armed forces.

As reported in *Eye* 850, Hamilton, Tory MP for Epsom and Ewell, and his company, Crown Ridge, later expressed an interest in the site.

Three companies are now bidding to develop it; Crown Ridge's plan being to build a toxic waste recycling centre which will cover the valley where the base lies with incinerators and reprocessing equipment. The locals aren't exactly ecstatic at the prospect. Closing the base with the loss of 650 jobs is bad enough, but replacing it with a toxic waste plant would bring other problems.

Apart from Hamilton, Crown Ridge boasts another prominent director in Rhodri Phillips, son of Lord St Davids, a Tory whip in the House of Lords. Coincidentally Lord St Davids accompanied Hamilton on a visit to Trecwn when it was decided the plant should be closed.

Another uncanny coincidence is the involvement of Anthony Meyer MP, he of the infamous Thatcher stalking horse incident. He attended a meeting of the Welsh affairs committee back in 1992 over the future of Trecwn. At the meeting Meyer asked a Transport and General Workers' union spokesman if he felt there would be any opposition to turning Trecwn into a toxic waste plant — this was long before Crown Ridge ever (publicly) mentioned such plans.

Now, however, the matter is in the hands of the ministry of defence, which is considering the financial aspects of the bids. A decision is expected in mid January, and the people of Trecwn are holding their breath...

THE select committee of the House of Lords has just decided it's "not worth" paying extra money for more stringent water quality tests.

There was no evidence to show an unacceptable risk of "serious illness" where bathing waters meet European Union standards, the old buffers decided grandly.

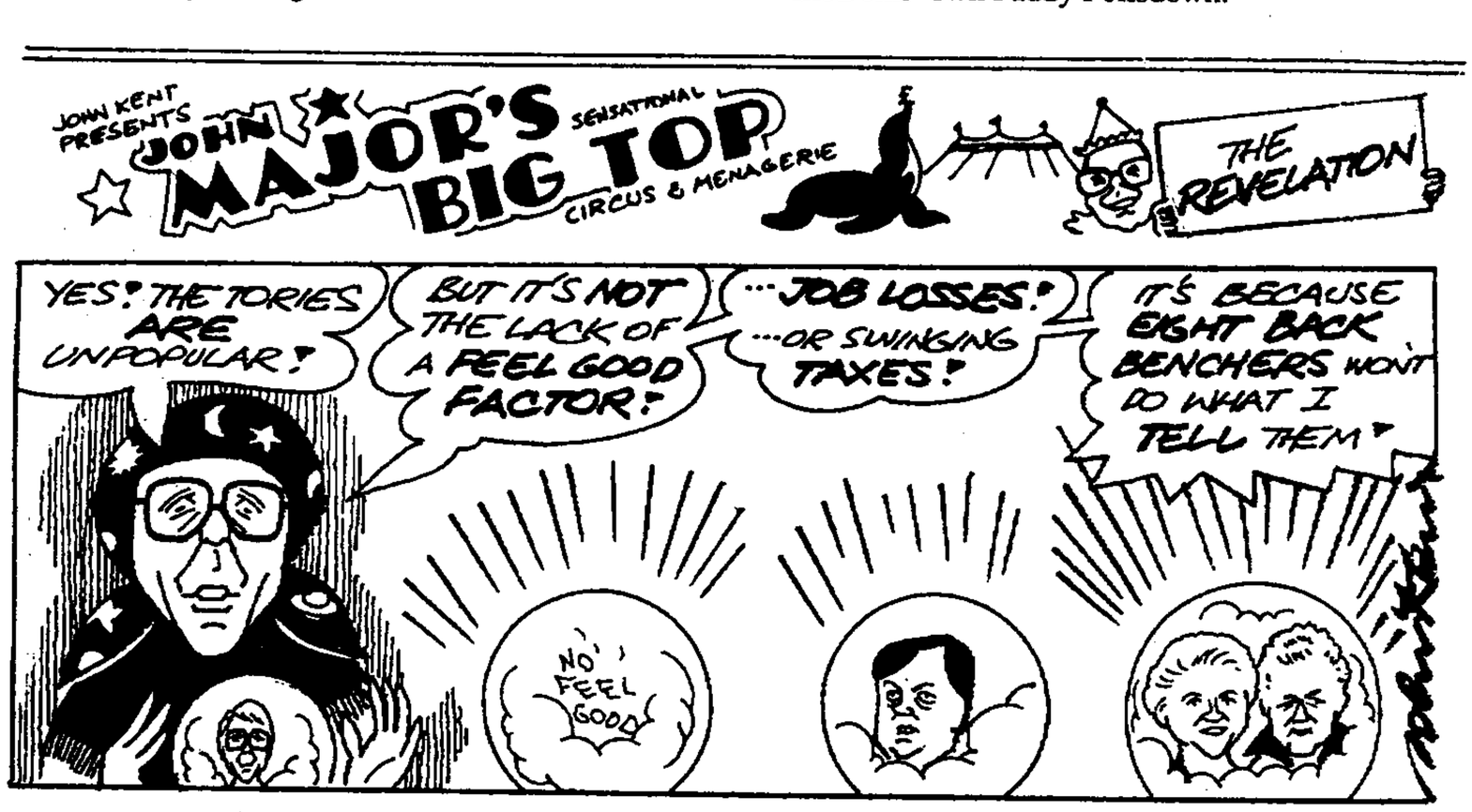
Their report was condemned, however, by victims of viral infections who bathed in Oxwich Bay last summer (see *Eye* 860). And it was published on the same day that one victim, 17-year-old Cassie Lewis, took delivery of the made-to-measure wheelchair she needs since she was paralysed by the infection she picked up there.

Unlike the peers, Cassie is not impressed by the designation of Oxwich bay as a clean beach.

THE home office is so keen to get rid of its computer staff it is paying a consultancy to sack them. It has hived off its Bootle Data Centre to consultants SEMA, who wanted the contract, but with fewer staff.

No problem, said the home office, we'll pay. The package provides the 132 surplus staff with two-and-a-half years' salary, which at an average of £30,000 per head, comes to nearly £10 million. It remains to be seen if the public accounts committee agrees with the department that the deal represents "outstanding value for money" when it only saved it the trouble of handing out P45s. Interestingly, the money has come out of the civil service pension fund.

'Backbiter'


JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE REVELATION
YES! THE TORIES ARE UNPOPULAR!
BUT IT'S NOT THE LACK OF A FEEL GOOD FACTOR!
...JOB LOSSES!
...OR SWINGING TAXES!
IT'S BECAUSE EIGHT BACK BENCHERS WON'T DO WHAT I TELL THEM!
NO FEEL GOOD

NOOKS and CORNERS

WARDING architectural prizes might seem challenging when so much is going on, and up, and there are so many architects in Britain — almost 30,000 at the last count.

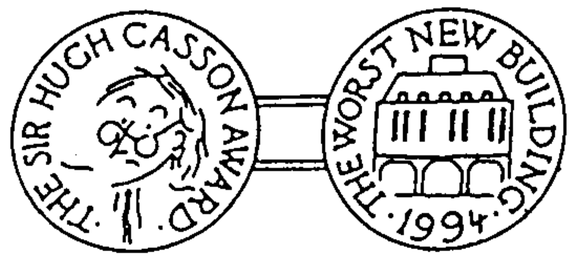
But this problem is easily dealt with: at least 29,000 of them are utterly useless and ought to be doing something else, like selling double-glazing. And of those who are vaguely good at design, only about 1 percent will ever have an original idea. But do we need new ideas?

Most architects copy. There is nothing wrong with that, notwithstanding the cult of originality propagated in schools of architecture and through the operation of the superstar system by the architectural establishment. Most clients want and need nothing more. What matters is whether the copy is good or bad, and whether the model ought to be copied in the first place. It is here that the tiresome polemics which trivialise architecture emerge. It is all right to copy other modern buildings, which is what almost all architects do; but it is wicked to copy traditional ones. Such is the nature of most architectural criticism.

Last year's Sir Hugh Casson Medal was given to the Maitland Robinson Library at Downing College, Cambridge, designed by God's Own Architect, Mr Quinlan Terry. This honour was granted, as I must constantly reiterate to dim-witted architects, not because the building is Classical in style, but because it is bad: an inept, gauche and vulgar design in the Greek Revival manner. We see nothing wrong, in principle, about designing Classical (or Gothic, or Tudor, or Egyptian, or Modernistic) buildings today, but we require them to be done well.

The winner of the 1994 Casson Medal is, again, a new Classical building in an academical institution and one which, I must admit, makes GOA look half competent at what he does. The building in question is the new principal's lodging at what used to be called Manchester College, Oxford, and which, following some carpet-bagging, is now styled Manchester and Harris College.

Its architect is Mr Peter Yiangou, who has chosen to add to a stone-built Gothic Revival institution in illiterate red-brick neo-Georgian. Thin, feeble, misunderstood Classical details are tacked on to ill-proportioned brick boxes while in the centre is



the inevitable show-off portico, behind which the windows are grotesquely over-sized. No trace here of the Classical language spoken as a controlling, civilizing system.

Nevertheless Mr Yiangou is clearly on to a good thing at Manchester. He has also designed residential blocks next to the principal's lodging and he is nothing if not versatile, for he is planning to add a new neo-Gothic kitchen to the hall designed by Percy Worthington and he is also architect for the first indoor swimming pool to be built by an Oxford college. This is to be Tudor. Perhaps Mr Yiangou is better at Tudor; perhaps not. At least Quinlan Terry believes (or used to believe) that Classical architecture was divinely inspired. I know nothing of Mr Yiangou, but I doubt if he believes anything except in getting on. The local conservation officer tried to help by suggesting the architect looked at, say, Serlio, to try to get the proportions right, but got nowhere. Thirty years ago Yiangou probably would have been adding to Oxford colleges in dreary, insensitive concrete Modern. Today he does traditional. Such is fashion.

To be fair, it is not Harris College alone which is responsible for this porticoed drivel, for it has joined forces with All Souls' College to create accommodation for the Farmington Trust within the principal's lodging. All I can say is that the fellows of All Souls' should be ashamed of themselves for abetting the lowering of architectural standards to beneath vulgarity; after all, they once commissioned Nicholas Hawksmoor, so they ought to know what Classical (and Gothic) architecture can be.

The wickedness of this is that it brings modern Classical architecture into disrepute. So, of course, do other factors, like HRH the Prince of Wales. It is doubtless unfair that the Prince of Wales's Institute and *Perspectives* magazine are regarded with knee-jerk hostility by most architects because of the royal connection, but the sad fact is that HRH's taste is rather, um, unformed.

Recently the Prince of Wales unveiled a new building in the Kennington Road on his own duchy of Cornwall estate in London. Once upon a time, early this century, admirably restrained urbane domestic architecture in the Georgian terraced tradition was built in this area by Adshead & Ramsay. This new, royal-approved building is scarcely in the same class. Far from restrained, it sports the usual obligatory gratuitous raised portico — with columns on ridiculous bases — and fails to conform to the street pattern.

It is the work of Messrs Sidell Gibson, who have risen without trace entirely thanks to royal approval. After the shock of the Hampton Court speech, they were cravenly awarded the prize of rebuilding Grand Buildings in Trafalgar Square — as a replica of what was originally a fourth-rate Victorian building, so bringing conservation into disrepute. And now they have been appointed architects for the rebuilding of Windsor Castle. Why? It is another lost opportunity.

At least their pretentious and crude essay in Kennington is not quite as bad as the new buildings in Carpet College, Oxford. This is where two and a half millennia of western civilization have washed up. Come back Mies van der Rohe: all is forgiven!

'Piloti'

Please note: it is not correct to speak of a jacket of a suit. The correct name is coat. It is acceptable to speak of a jacket potato.

SIR HARDY AMIES
Daily Telegraph

Pseuds Corner

It is easy to write off such fantasies [the National Lottery] as expressions of passivity and desire so strangled that fulfilling them can only be imagined, not actively sought and satisfied. But hope, in this context, can also be read as the paradoxical force asserting itself in the face of despair and helplessness. It claims for the individual the right to what's on offer and is a refusal of a status quo which is exclusionary.

SUSIE ORBACH
Guardian Weekend

In this her third novel, Candia McWilliam has filled her pockets with the silver of childhood memory, and this eager coinage burns holes in the pages.

JAMES WOOD
Guardian

A few days after the traumas of December 9, 1992, I left the woods to which we, the Dongas, had fled and returned to London to collect a few possessions. The city felt hostile and grimy. I sat on a bus in a state of shock, stiff with bruising, leaves still in my hair, the mud of Twyford Down on my face and in my clothes. Two women, their

faces masks of make-up, pushed past me. "yeuch, she smells of earth," I heard one say. Her attitude and the destruction of Twyford Down seem to be linked, both symptoms of meaningless and destructive value systems. As in Hamlet, there seemed to be something rotten in the state of society.

ALEXANDRA PLOWS
Guardian

1994 Pseud Roundup

Pseud of the Year *(shared)*: James Wood, James Hall, Damien Hirst, Will Self, Dave Stewart.

Pseud Journal of the Year *(sole winner)*: The Guardian.

I live with two male lovers, both bisexual and both appreciative of my biological/emotional dichotomy. One (Chris D, 32) was with me through the coming-out period. With the other (Chris L, 22), an intense male/male dynamic existed between us from the moment we met.

POPPY Z. BRITE
Observer

For breakfast I had a large bowl of organic rice genmai miso. Miso is made by combining *kogi* — cultured grain or soybeans which have been fermented — with soybeans, salt and water and then letting the whole ferment naturally for three months to two years. To this I added a large handful of mixed dried sea vegetables, including dulse, sea lettuce and nori seaweeds, two cloves of fresh garlic, and a splash of Bonsoy soya milk — which is the best-tasting soya milk I have ever found. This is my favourite winter breakfast and is great for travelling, which I do frequently. It is energising, balancing, detoxifying and protective all at the same time.

LESLIE KENTON
Independent on Sunday

CONTRIBUTORS: P. Weston, N. Campbell, R. Rush, A. Non, J. Thompson, C. Barton.

£10 paid for entries

MEDIA NEWS

'Square Eyes' has not seen any television over Christmas. He has been playing Charades. He returns next issue.

HEMAR Enterprises, a TV production company which has recently made a film about the Lockerbie air disaster in 1988, put out a press release shortly before Christmas about a break-in at their north London offices.

"Nothing of value was taken," said the release, "but archive tapes were strewn around the floor and at least one tape, containing off the record comments by a former government minister, appeared to be missing".

The *Eye* understands that the missing tape features former transport secretary Cecil Parkinson, who appeared in a recent Channel Four *Dispatches* programme about the Marchioness disaster in the Thames in 1989. During the programme, Parkinson admitted that the decision not to hold a public judicial inquiry into the Lockerbie disaster had been taken "at Number Ten Downing Street" (occupied at that time by Margaret Thatcher).

Encouraged to expand on this after the programme, after insisting he was "off the record", Parkinson revealed that the real problem with a public inquiry into Lockerbie was the role of the security services in the Lockerbie inquiry. This surprising revelation was duly taped as the cameras kept whirring. Copies were made and freely distributed. If the MI5 buggers really were looking for this tape, they should be reassured. The *Eye* understands there are at least 20 copies of it at different addresses (not the *Eye*'s, of course).

BIRTSPEAK

TONY "Head Prefect" Hall, the Birtian apparatchik in charge of all BBC news and current affairs, clearly feels that one should never be afraid to state the obvious — especially if it can be dressed up in a lot of high-sounding but vacuous verbiage.

His staff, already drowning in a sea of memos, have therefore been sent yet another one, in which Hall outlines "The BBC News and Current Affairs Agenda".

"It is important," he explains, "that our judgments should be driven solely by the values that BBC News has set itself. These values need to be reflected across all our output. Of course, different things matter to different people, and we aim to serve a wider audience not a narrower one. That means different programmes exploiting our newsgathering resources to find different stories and to tell them in ways that suit our various audiences. The BBC's agenda will be bigger than any one programme can possibly satisfy: but all our programmes need to reflect the same values, placing a high premium on what is important and significant for audiences to know."

Who would have thought it?

THROUGHOUT the seasonal showing-off, few worked as hard to draw attention to themselves as bowtied PR Mark Borkowski.

At a noisy, celebrity-Z list "do" in his glamorous offices in, er, Paddington, Borkowski shocked national arts correspondents, including journoslags Chrissie Iley, Steve Grant and Spencer Bright, by inserting teaspoons up each nostril, unbuttoning his shirt and pouring lighter fuel over his lustrous body hair. He then proceeded to set hair and nipples on fire.

The star turn of the evening, however, was the pornographically untalented Damien Hirst, who held forth on the deadness of conventional art as practised by charlatans like Rembrandt and Leonardo da Vinci.

Such is dead-sheep Damien's fame, however, that a drunken hack suddenly lurched towards him and exclaimed: "So you're Damien Hirst? I thought it was fucking terrible how Schumacher stitched you up in the driver's championship."

BBC1's *Bookworm* slot has a novel interpretation of director-general John Birt's big idea, "producer choice".

Choice also extends to which books are included in the programme, which goes out in a prime slot on Sunday afternoons and hence gives any book mentioned a hefty plug.

Daisy Goodwin, executive producer, chose a scintillating travel book called *On Foot To The Golden Horn* written by one Jason Goodwin. An astonishing coincidence of names? Er, not quite. Jason is Daisy's brother.

While the white paper may ban advertising on the BBC it doesn't say anything about nepotism. Just as well, perhaps.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

THE Arts Council meeting on 14 December may buy the council more time to come up with a new music policy, but there are few clues how it will look.

Some moderately sensible things emerged — like converting Ken Baird's cut to Glyndebourne Touring Opera into a 16 percent increase; and there is to be slightly more money for commissions. One and a half cheers are deserved for the £450,000 that is up for grabs by the five regional orchestras, though the money will do no more than paper over the cracks. Most regional orchestras are already technically trading illegally, and these extra funds are not enough to keep all of them afloat for another year. In London there is no extra funding at all, though the Philharmonia and RPO have been tossed a couple of buns to reward their enterprise in the regions.

Perhaps orchestras need a new form of national lottery: one in which one predicts which orchestra will go bust first, the proceeds being spread among the lucky survivors. Will it be the Bournemouth Symphony, ever the poor relation; or the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic? Or maybe one of the London bands?

Meanwhile consultation over the BBC/Arts Council review is proving more interesting than expected. A debate appears to be developing between those who advocate a new, more radical approach to funding and those who like the status quo.

Chief among the first group appears to be Gavin Henderson, chairman of the music advisory panel, whose dynamic ideas have already raised some eyebrows. These will seem like manna from heaven to any number of smaller opera and music theatre companies, to freelance chamber orchestras and to the four London orchestras, who all get strong backing.

But radical thinking always comes up against vested interests: Henderson's will be ruffling feathers in the orchestras at the Royal Opera House and English National Opera, and, to a lesser extent, at the BBC and regional orchestras. But the greatest howls of protest will come from the offices of the Musicians Union and ABO, where talk of reform is anathema.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

SPOTTY funsters who want their 15 minutes of pop *culcha* fame get it on Channel 4's "yoof" programme, *The Word*. But it takes more than a pretty vacant face and outrageous outfit to be admitted to Planet 24's studio.

Members of the audience have to complete detailed questionnaires: not about their age or groovy dancing ability, but their sexual activities.

The form includes such questions as: "Have you slept with anyone famous, if so who?"; "Would you like to get your own back on somebody you know?"; and "What are your sexual preferences/peccadilloes?"

Which all makes the audience sound more interesting than the show's "star" presenters.

LAUGHTER WITH THE GANGSTA RAPPAS

LUVVIES

It would be brilliant if London suddenly became like *My Fair Lady*. If I was to start humming and everyone in Covent Garden stopped, dropped their shopping and joined in a dance routine with me as some little street urchin in Nike gear doing a little song and dance. At the end, as the man who started it all off, I'd be hoisted up onto everyone's shoulders and bump into the girl who I was singing about.

ROB NEWMAN
The Big Issue

Submitted by Stephen Davis.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

GRAND EYE DELIBERATE WINTER COCK-UP PRIZE

AS PART of an on-going commitment to readership evaluation, a deliberate error was inserted in the last *Eye* to see how many readers are actually awake while reading the magazine.

Happily, many people spotted the quite deliberate duplication of the story about Cap'n Bob, Morgan Grenfell and the Tory MP.

Tim Benbow wins a year's subscription — to help with his post-graduate studies at St Antony's College, Oxford, where, he confesses, he has "nothing better to do than read *Private Eye* cover to cover" to spot the cock-ups.

HACKWATCH – THE AWARDS

STEALING a march on the *What The Papers Say* awards and the *UK Press Gazette* awards, Hackwatch is proud to present its very own new year's honours list — or, as it's known in the trade, "Prats Win Prizes" — celebrating the fourth estate's triumphs over the past 12 months.

Most Balanced Coverage. "On a night that should have belonged to Elle MacPherson, actress Elizabeth Hurley managed to accrue more than her fair share of attention." — London Evening Standard, 13 July 1994, p 3. "A vision of Antipodean loveliness in her diaphanous mini-dress, Miss Elle MacPherson monopolised the fickle paparazzis' attention at last night's West End premiere. Miss Elizabeth Hurley — she of That Dress — was largely ignored."

Runners-up. "The confusion over the technical penalty imposed on Dean for lifting his partner over his head is typical. Some claimed, wrongly, yesterday it had cost them a gold medal." — Michael Colvin, *Daily Telegraph*, 23 February 1994, p 42. "The spectacular somersault lift performed by Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean ultimately cost them the Olympic ice dance gold medal, it was confirmed yesterday." — Sandra Stevenson, *Daily Telegraph*, 23 February 1994, p 42.

"A World Cup without a home team is still managing to grip the country's armchair football fans, television viewing figures revealed today." — London *Evening Standards*, 28 June 1994. "A World Cup without a home team is proving a turn-off for the country's armchair football fans, television viewing figures revealed today." — London *Evening Standard*, 28 June 1994.

Wisest Career Move. Ian Pollock revealed to the *Sun* last January that he had taken a £42,000 pay cut to start a new life "caring for adults with learning difficulties". It was a job for which he was well qualified: he had previously been employed as editor of the *Sunday Sport*.

The Nostradamus Award for Prescience goes to Michael Smith, business editor of the *Observer*. "Last summer I suggested that British Aerospace would be in no particular hurry to sell Rover," he wrote on 30 January 1994, "as it was released from its undertaking given to the government when it bought the car maker five years earlier. Today, after getting a glimpse of how well Rover performed in 1993, it still holds true." The following day, Rover was sold to BMW.

The Peter York Prize for Witless Trend-Spotting by Newspapers Desperate to Fill Space is shared by two of our most distinguished broadsheets. "It looks as if the dining room is on the way out," the *Daily Telegraph* reported on 19 February 1994. "The kitchen, now that servants are a thing of the past, is the prime candidate for the dining area." On the very same day, *The Times* announced that "although eating in the kitchen is undoubtedly here to stay, kitchen dining is *out*... The dining room has re-emerged, complete with all the trappings."

The Why-Oh-Why Award for Blithering Idiocy. Once again, Paul Johnson is unbeatable. In the *Spectator* on 29 January, he marked Kelvin Mackenzie's departure from the *Sun* with a hymn of praise to the tabloid press: "Personally, I am delighted that the country possesses a fine pack of tabloids to hound undesirables from office... So carry on the tabloids!"

Less than a month later, on 26 February, he complained furiously at the way in which MPs "have their privacy trampled on by the jackboots and stiletto heels of the tabloid SS". At the moment, he fumed, any floozy can "flash her thighs to a sex-hungry MP, inveigle him into some kind of compromising behaviour, then trot off to a downmarket tabloid."

Most Shameless Brown-Nosing Beyond the Call of Duty. Tom Utley took the gold medal for this touching tribute in the *Sunday Telegraph*: "Of course it is very pleasant for an editor to be left alone by his newspaper's owners. And it is clearly a good thing for truth, democracy, the shareholder and the reader when a good, wise and well-informed editor is left to do his job in peace by a benign, intelligent and handsome proprietor. But not all newspapers are run like the *Sunday Telegraph*."

Least-Mourned Editor. A tough one, this, in a year when Andreas Whittam Strobes had to quit the editor's chair at the *Indescribablyboring* after belatedly discovering that he had lost the confidence of his entire staff, and Eve Pollard's loyal hacks at the *Sunday Express* threw a riotous party to celebrate her "resignation". But the winner, by a narrow margin, is Andrew Neill.

When he departed from the *Sunset Times*, one of the beneficiaries of his largesse, Peter McHackey, wrote that "he's a one-off and we should greatly regret his move". However, McLie consoled himself with the thought that Brillo Pad's American TV show "will be a huge success".

Another of Neill's former employees, Brian MacArthur, agreed. "On television, Neil is a natural," he wrote in *The Times*. "Quick-thinking, fluent and combative, his personality swells on screen..." Alas! To the chagrin of Messrs McKay and MacArthur, and the great amusement of everyone else, Neill's prime-time TV show in New York was cancelled by the Dirty Digger soon afterwards.

Most Ubiquitous Media Medic. Against strong competition from Dr Vernon Coleman, Dr James Lefanu and Dr Anthony Daniels (aka "Theodore Dalrymple"), the "A Doctor Writes" prize has been carried off by Dr Raj Persaud of the Maudsley Hospital, a rent-a-quote shrink who has done sterling service this year for the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Independent*.

Perhaps his finest moment came when the new-born baby Abbie Humphries was snatched by a bogus nurse. "What kind of woman could cause such misery to another by stealing a baby?" he asked in the *Mail*. Although there were "complex psychological influences" at work, he daringly concluded that the kidnapper may have had some sort of "need for a baby".

Kamikaze of the Year. After much deliberation, the judges awarded the title to Damien Lazarus, a young *Sun* hack who was asked to go undercover and expose the New Age travellers as workshy, drug-addled good-for-nothings.

However, after a fortnight of sleeping rough with a group of hippies near Bath, he returned to the office and wrote a starry-eyed feature about these "caring individuals" who "do everything they can to preserve our green fields and trees" and "will continue to live with and protect the earth". Needless to say the article was spiked. Lazarus was sacked shortly afterwards.

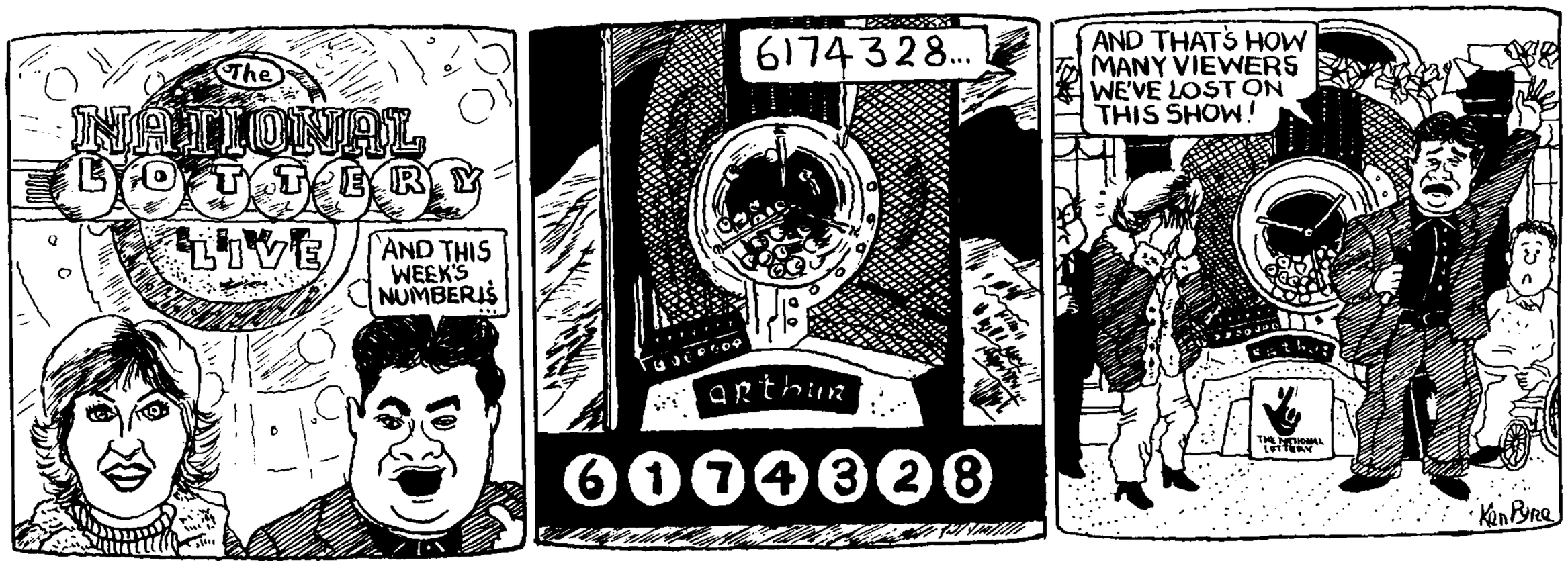
Economic Forecaster of the Year. Competition was so intense that the judges decided to award the prize to *all* Fleet Street's economic pundits, for their unanimous conviction late last summer that interest rates would not go up.

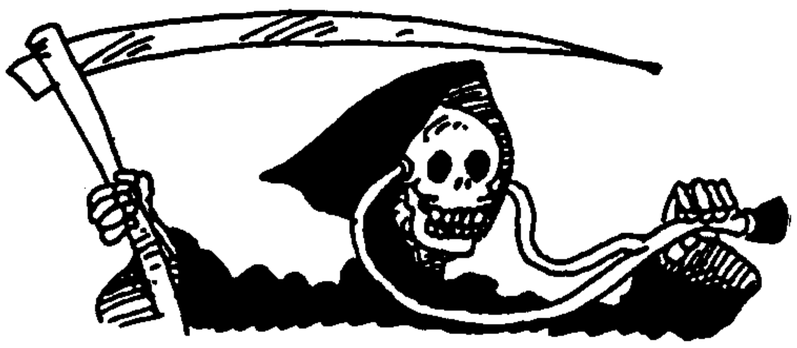
On 8 September, Diane Coyle of the *Independent* reported: "The treasury's monthly report yesterday reassured financial markets that an imminent increase in interest rates was unlikely." In the same day's *Times*, George Sivell agreed: "It is unlikely that interest rates will move before Eddie George and Kenneth Clarke meet again on 26 September." Will Hutton of the *Guardian* added that: "Mr Clarke will not want to act before the Conservative Party conference [in October]." On 12 September, several other experts gave their view. "Last Wednesday," the *Indie*'s Gavyn Davies announced, "the Chancellor and the Governor of the Bank of England decided to leave base rates unchanged, almost certainly until November or later." Over at the *Financial Times*, Terry Byland declared that "the absence of dramas between the Chancellor and the Bank of England has left the outlook for base rates unchanged."

Alas! That very day — 12 September — base rates rose to 5.75 per cent.

Most Spectacular Apology. There was only one possible winner. It appeared in the *Daily Torygraph* on 23 April 1994: "Our obituary of Lord Cottesloe published yesterday contained very serious errors because wrong material, which did not relate to Lord Cottesloe or his family, was inadvertently incorporated. In offering our most sincere apologies to Lady Cottesloe and all members of the family we are particularly mindful of the gross and deeply hurtful mis-statement published yesterday that Lord Cottesloe's daughter and his second wife, who is Lord Cottesloe's surviving widow, both died from gunshot wounds sustained in accidents in the gunroom of Meiklour House. We are well aware, and are most contrite in acknowledging, that no such accidents ever occurred, that Lord Cottesloe did not have a daughter named Caroline, nor did he have an estate in Perthshire or Wiltshire, and that Lady Cottesloe, Lord Cottesloe's second wife, has in fact survived him. In setting the record straight, we repeat our apologies for these grievous errors."

World's Wisest Columnist. Mariella Frostrup. On 24 July last year, writing about John Major's reshuffle, she argued that the promotion of Jeremy Hanley and Michael Dobbs was further evidence of the "ghastly trend" of giving people jobs merely because of their "celebrity status and telegenic qualities".


The NATIONAL LOTTERY LIVE
AND THIS WEEK'S NUMBERS...
6174328...
arthur
6 1 7 4 3 2 8
AND THAT'S HOW MANY VIEWERS WE'VE LOST ON THIS SHOW!
THE NATIONAL LOTTERY
Ken Pyne



DOING THE ROUNDS

DR I.N.C. MACLEOD, a GP in a rural non-fundholding practice in Lowbands on the Gloucester-Worcester border, has for many years sent patients who live on the Worcester side to Gloucester hospital, which is only seven miles away and served by good public transport.

By contrast, **Worcester hospital** is 15 miles away and has no direct public transport. Unfortunately, **Worcester health authority**, which purchases care for these patients on their GP's behalf, consistently underfunds and underestimates the contract with Gloucester hospital and, for the third successive year, the money has dried up half way into the financial year.

Worcester HA has now refused to fund the treatment of patients at Gloucester except emergency cases and urgent referrals, which first have to be cleared by a consultant so that an extra-contractual referral fee can be agreed prior to treatment. The practice received no prior warning of this rationing, and only cottoned on when referral letters were bounced back from the hospital administrators. One urgent referral letter took two weeks to rebound, with a covering letter suggesting the patient be re-referred. As Mrs Bottomley puts it: "Money follows patients and urgent cases will continue to be treated." Er, bollocks.

● THE beleaguered **Burnley health care NHS trust** has reinstated senior gynaecologist Ian Mahady who was given three hours' notice to leave the hospital on 15 September because "his workload had diminished" (*Eyes passim*). This triggered a unanimous vote of no confidence in chief executive Maggie Aikman by the trust's consultants, and the subsequent resignations of Aikman, medical director Sam Pickens and finally chairman James Rawson. An independent inquiry recommended that Mr Mahady, a vociferous campaigner against the management's macho style, be reinstated because the redundancy process was "flawed". As acting chief executive David Chew said: "We have pledged ourselves to a more open style."

● HEALTH Care International, **Clydebank's** bankrupt high-tech £186 million private hospital built with £30 million of NHS money, is looking for a buyer. Ian Lang, secretary of state for Scotland, has distanced himself from the disaster: "It was not my decision to build it, but that of the Scottish industrial development advisory board. I supported the scheme on the board's recommendation." HCI is currently placed nine miles outside Glasgow and has no provision for outpatients or an accident and emergency department. If a buyer can't be found, it would cost at least £25 million to make it any use to NHS patients.

● AT **Merseyside's Ashworth special hospital**, more than 200 mental patients have been awarded £230,000 from the Prison Officers Association after being locked in their rooms for up to 23 hours a day as part of an industrial dispute in 1987. Some became so distressed by the ordeal they mutilated themselves. As solicitor Stephen Grosz deduced: "It is vital that patients should not be used as pawns in industrial disputes with hospital management."

● IN *Eye* 894 we published information from staff employed by the **Avon Ambulance service NHS trust** which claimed that some of their shifts were not fully covered because of staff cuts and that they often didn't have time to fill in emergency reports and had to skip meals. These allegations were roundly rebuffed by Nick Woolf, the trust's macho staff officer: "It's hard to see how the piece could be more wrong" (*Letters, Eye* 856).

A month later, 15 accident and emergency consultants and senior nurses demanded the resignation of chief executive Bob Rushton because of his deplorable management style, and have threatened to stop training paramedics for ambulance crews. Dr Peter Baskett, a national expert in trauma services and chairman of the paramedic training committee, has already resigned to get away from Rushton. As the man himself put it: "Quite frankly, I'm astounded..."

● **DONCASTER health authority's** £20,000 two-year deal with local rugby league team "The Dons" to promote drug awareness and clean living in schools has got off to a flying start with one player already found guilty of drug abuse.

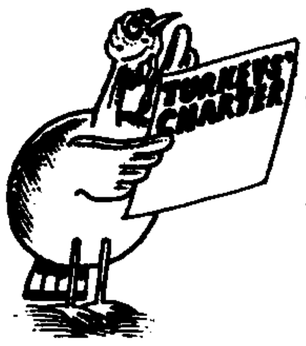
● **BASINGSTOKE hospital**, part of **North Hampshire hospital's NHS trust**, has lost its pain management specialist Tim Nash. As Dr Nash explained: "A good business communicates with its workforce and gets it to cooperate with it. That is not happening here." The trust also lost its chief executive John Branczik who quit after four months for no reason.

● NURSES at **North Durham acute hospital trust** are protesting about enforced changes in shift patterns and the trust management's style. Margaret Best, director of nursing and quality enhancement, has taken their complaints seriously and answered them in a poem published in the hospital newsletter:

We understand your anger, sadness and fear,
Now that internal rotation is here,
Alas our dear nurses, shift changes are staying,
And soon for your parking, you'll also be paying.
We've been in the backwater for far too long
For each proposed change there's always a song,
Just for a change, why not be supportive?
And through your good unions, work out how we'll sort it.

Happy new year.

M.D.



DOWN ON THE FARM

TURKEYS may not vote for Christmas — nine million were sold in the run-up this year — but nor do turkey producers have much to celebrate.

The giant supermarket groups have twigged that he or she who buys the turkey also tends to buy the rest of the goodies for the feast, often in the same place and at the same time. So it is no surprise that the big retailers, to attract gullible shoppers, have been offering turkey for as little as 28p per pound.

The munificence is driven solely by greed, of course; and it is the growers who pick up the tab. Their prices — strictly confidential between grower and supermarket buyer, on pain of instant termination of contract — have been driven *below* the cost of production, which can be up to 60p a pound.

Contract growers, with nowhere else to go, must simply bite the bullet and face a lean new year. But the plight of growers serving small butchers and the independent wholesale market is even worse. Even having slashed prices they could still find no takers for turkeys which, on the whole, are more succulent and better value than the frozen or "deep chilled" pap offered by the supermarket giants.

However, such is the gullibility of the average shopper that she or he falls for the transparent inducements ignorant of the fact that this year's sales ploy will hasten the demise of small butchers and growers, who make as much as 30 per cent of their profits over the Christmas period.

The supermarkets, meanwhile, increase their monopoly hold over the retail food trade, with prices rising to match.

DAIRYMAN Tim Blything did not have a very happy Christmas either. He is the Cheshire farmer who has lost a third of his cattle to bovine AIDS, the disease the Maffia claims is a "mild 'flu-like illness, which passes quickly".

Blything's cows caught it from imports brought in from Holland under the new EC "single market" rules. In the second year of suffering from the ravages of a disease which passes so quickly, Blything, until November, at least had the consolation of being able to sell his milk to the Milk Marketing Board in return for a £4,500 monthly cheque. It mattered little to him that the milk was collected in a toxic waste tanker and was disposed of in the nearest tip. The board was rather sensitive to the charge that it was selling AIDS-infected milk for human consumption.

But when the farmer-friendly co-op Milk Marque took over from the MMB, Blything's milk collection stopped and so did his cheques. With £4,000 a month to find for his winter feed bill he was driven to appeal to an independent tribunal, which was due to deliver its verdict on 19 December. The date was especially important to Blything as it was the last day on which he could lease his milk quota out to other farmers, at least recouping some of the money he was losing from keeping cows. But by the end of business, no word had been heard from the tribunal. It transpired that Milk Marque had not paid the costs of the hearing and so the verdict remained undisclosed.

With Blything one step nearer bankruptcy, there must be rejoicing in the Whitehall offices of the Maffia. It is closer to getting rid of a troublesome farmer and his cows, which are living — and dying — proof that health checks on imported live animals, dismantled to suit EC single market dogma, were and are needed to protect UK farmers.

THERE was seasonal gloom too for Cornish cauliflower growers who have watched their crops rot in the fields.

Because of the exceptionally mild winter, varieties which would normally have been harvested in February are ready now. But much of the crop is on set-aside land; and if the growers do harvest now they will lose their £311 per hectare payments.

Under the set-aside scheme growers were allowed to plant cauliflowers on set-aside land in July, in anticipation of the harvest coming after the land had come out of the scheme.

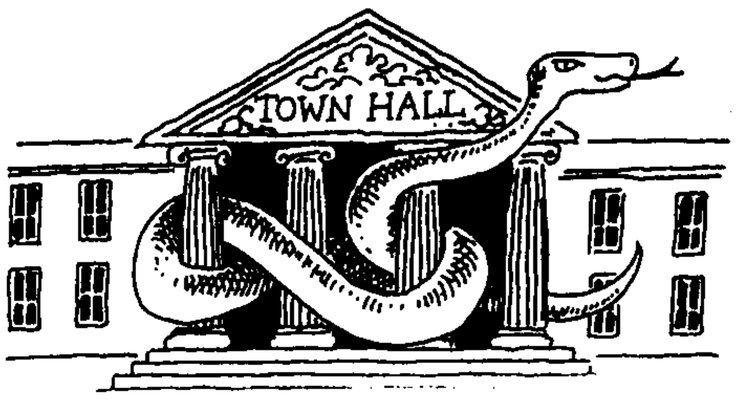
Despite the exceptional weather, the Maffia will not allow them to harvest now "for fear of losing the concession" which allows early planting. Few growers doubt that if the ministry had tried a bit harder a "derogation" would have been given by our rulers in Brussels. But when it comes to supporting British agriculture, the Maffia is always out to lunch.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

WE DO UNDERSTAND AT THE BANK WHAT A TOUGH TIME YOU'VE HAD WITH THE MILK PRICE HIKE MR JONES.....
WITHERING DAIRY
AND, IM DELIGHTED TO SEE YOUVE DIVERSIFIED AS I RECOMMENDED. BUT I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR NEW PROJECTED PROFITS.
IN MY OPINION..
THE BANK'LL NEVER COUGH UP TWO HUNDRED QUID TO GET ME BACK!



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

LAMBETH

LAMBETH continues to do its bit for open government... by keeping the findings of an inquiry into an alleged porn-ring and cases of sexual harassment in the housing directorate a closely guarded secret.

However, the *Eye* can reveal strange events both during and after the inquiry.

A team of three senior female officers, headed by Edithna Harris, an assistant director in Lambeth's finance division, spent months looking into claims that the housing HQ, Hambrook House, was being used by staff as a base to trade in pornographic magazines and films.

The *Eye* can reveal that during the inquiry the council had to pay a private detective agency to keep a 24-hour guard on one of the women making the allegations after she received threats to her personal safety.

The inquiry's other strand related to the manager of Roupell Neighbourhood office, Winston Marshall, who was accused of sexual harassment by four female staff. The result of this part of the inquiry was that the women who complained were moved to other offices while Winston Marshall continues at Roupell as manager.

In a novel twist, however, the chair of the panel, Edithna Harris, found that after the inquiry her post of assistant director in finance had suddenly, er, disappeared. She threatened legal action, and a deal was hastily agreed whereby she received around £60,000 in an out of court settlement by way of compensation.

Most extraordinary of all has been the behaviour of housing director Peter Camp. He refuses point blank to reveal the inquiry recommendations; to say whether or not any staff were disciplined or reported to the police; or to indicate who gave the go-ahead for the senior assistant housing director Keith Scrace — he was suspended during the inquiry — to receive a £50,000 medical retirement cheque. Camp even refuses to show the report to the three party leaders of the hung-council.

However, Lambeth council taxpayers can rest assured that they will be shown the six-figure bill — indirectly, of course — when their next tax demands are added up. They may conclude, however, that if the inquiry had found anything untoward it would have made its findings public... wouldn't it?

BENT

BENT council has launched yet another internal inquiry — this time into why it funded a farcical reggae festival in Neasden.

The disaster was organised by former local Labour councillor Diana Collymore, a stalwart of the famous Loony regime of 1986-90 and now director of Arawak Promotions, a company that received £12,000 of public money to help it along.

Tragically only one of the scheduled bands turned up at Neasden's Roundwood Park, while the punters (Sid and Doris Jah-Rastafari) barging in for free almost equalled the tally of those bonkers enough to pay.

Presumably the inquiry will ask why council leader Bob Blackman (*sic*) was so keen to support the event — which the *Eye* is happy to point out had nothing to do with his desire to court the local ethnic vote before he attempts to replace Rhodes Boyson as Tory MP for Bent North East.

PS: Press releases are pouring out of Bent's propaganda office extolling the virtues of retiring chief executive Charles Wood, who has left the council on the grounds of ill health. Strangely they fail to mention his £200,000 pay out or the £25,000 a year pension he takes with him — his reward for keeping Bent at the top of the premier league of Britain's barmiest boroughs throughout an eight-year reign.

ISLINGTON

LABOUR-run Islington council has lost three-quarters of a million pounds thanks to the carelessness of its officers.

The council was asked by the department of environment how many council houses it owned — a straightforward question, one might have thought — but filling in government grant claim forms the officers cleverly included different tallies.

The DoE smelled a rat and asked for clarification, but Islington fouled up again: council officers said they didn't have the staff to stage a thorough check as they were busy reviewing children's homes. Thus the DoE withheld £7.1 million in grants until Islington could sort itself out.

Officers have spent the last 18 months walking the streets noting down any council houses they could find, checking the number of floors per flat, the building's age and various other interesting details they should have known already. During that time the loss of interest on the withheld £7.1 million which should have been in Islington's bank has cost charge-payers £10,000 a week — £780,000 in all.

The district auditor is now making threatening noises at leading council officers for repeatedly missing the deadlines for their housing subsidy grant claims. No wonder Tony Blair, who lives in Islington, doesn't want to send his son to school in the borough.

GLASGOW

THOUGH it cost Glaswegians £750,000 to bail out Drumchapel Opportunities after the job creation project went to the wall (*Eye* 855), the city's Labour administration does not subscribe to the adage "once bitten twice shy".

Only weeks later, another council-led jobs initiative has clocked up serious losses.

As recently as 18 November a report to the council said: "The company (Glasgow North Ltd) has continued to record operational successes over the last three months" and "...targets for all projects are being met".

Then suddenly it was announced that Glasgow North Ltd had a deficit of more than £300,000. And, yes, the caring councillors are again preparing to leap to the rescue.

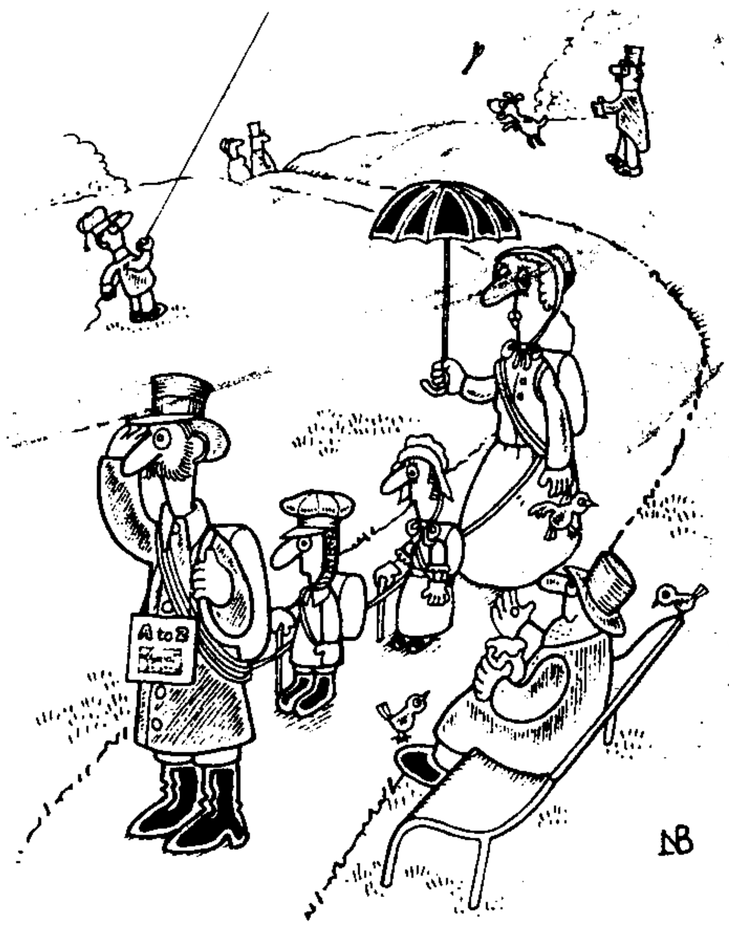
DUMBARTON

THE grassroots support still enjoyed by the Tories in Scotland was illustrated last month in the Bonhill East by-election in Dumbarton.

Although Bonhill East has never been true-blue territory — the Conservatives polled only 152 votes in the 1992 local government elections — Tory central office in Edinburgh was surprised by the result on 8 December.

During the campaign, the Conservative candidate John Smith (*sic*) had admitted the Tories had not a "cat in hell's chance of winning the seat" and had even revealed "I don't even know if I'm still a member, my membership may have lapsed". Nevertheless, he still managed to poll an impressive 14 votes — the lowest ever in a national or municipal election in Scotland.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



Jack and Jill climbed Primrose Hill
On their school expedition.
They both descended safely
Under adult supervision.

DEVELOPMENT

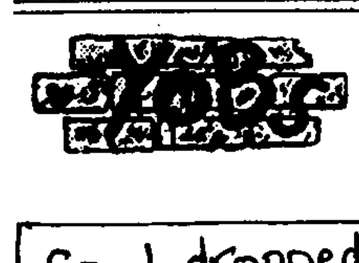
WHEN new development corporations were set up by Margaret Thatcher to galvanise the inner cities, no one considered the problem of possible conflicts of interest among the hordes of Tory businessmen who were put in charge of them.

As the stories poured in of more and more property speculators and assorted shysters helping themselves and their business to a slice of the new corporations, the department of the environment belatedly rushed out a set of rules demanding declarations of interest and banning corporation directors from taking decisions which might affect their own businesses. A lot of businessmen duly lost interest and the corporations flopped.

Now the same thing is happening to the "training and enterprise councils" (TECS), which were also packed with Tory businessmen who eagerly helped themselves and their businesses to the many ancillary contracts thrown up by the new and generous disposal of public money to the TECs.

Following the admission (in the *Daily Telegraph*, of all places) of the former chairman of Essex TEC, Mr Roy Lawrence, that his own brokers Raytel Insurance had handled all the Essex TEC's insurance and pensions business, the TEC national council is busily thrashing out a "code of conduct" for TEC directors which is expected to be rather similar to the DoE's code for the development corporations.

The result could be equally disastrous. For if you can't slice away a bit of business on the side without risking a lot of nasty publicity, why should any busy businessmen bother with TECs at all?



HUSBAND

So I dropped the CS Gas canister through their letter box..
..'an they come running out coughin' and chokin' it was brill!
Tell you, my grand-parents won't forget my christmas presi again in a hurry

Letters

Simple spyman

Sir,

Your article "Spooks & Spookmen" (EYE 861) is implicitly critical of Jonathan Aitken's alleged acceptance of a friend's hospitality, but airily dismisses Gott's free holidays, which were provided by one of the most appalling and oppressive security services that the world has ever seen. I doubt very much that the KGB would have continued to pay Gott (it is irrelevant whether or not he received the payments that it made), had he been "a pretty useless agent". It is worth remembering that the GUARDIAN was once regarded as a newspaper of substance and influence, and that Gott occupied positions more advantageous to the KGB than that of "Literary Editor".

Gott's opposition to his own party's government in the mid sixties and his fervent opposition to involvement in Vietnam were precisely the kind of behaviour the KGB wished to encourage in the west. Whilst a GUARDIAN journalist, Gott stood as a candidate of the hard left "Radical Alliance", in opposition to Labour at the Hull North by-election. The loss of this highly marginal seat would have brought down the government.

Finally, your article loses all of its remaining credibility, by stating that "the KGB has been disbanded. It can do no damage to anyone". There are few Russians who would agree with that statement, but there a number of dead Russians who would disagree.

Yours etc,
JOHN D. FISHLEY,
Cawood, N. Yorks.

Moscow correspondence

Sir,

Eye Spy Bilge! Your correspondent (EYE 861) asserts that "the KGB has been disbanded. It can do no damage to anyone." Balderdash!

The KGB has been re-named two (or is it three?) times in the last few years — but it still exists and employs a large number of bureaucrats and spies (admittedly mostly waiting for retirement or redundancy handouts).

It is therefore largely regarded as an extremely dangerous outfit looking for a new cause to follow (Zhirinovsky and Russian nationalism?) or to revive socialism, or a bunch of individuals looking to boost that state pension by doing a little "consultancy" work for Third World would-be atom bombers, or teaching the Russian "Mafia" how to do it properly — in international markets.

Yours, knee-deep in the frozen wastes,
STEPHEN WHEELER,
Moscow, Russia.

Protest vote

Sir,

As a "wimmin" reader of both THE GUARDIAN and PRIVATE EYE, I write to protest in the strongest terms about "Suzanne Moore's Happy Christmas" on the following grounds:

1. It was far too interesting; and
2. It wasn't silly enough.

Yours faithfully,
RUTH GRIMSLEY,
Broomhill, Sheffield.

Carried away

Sir,

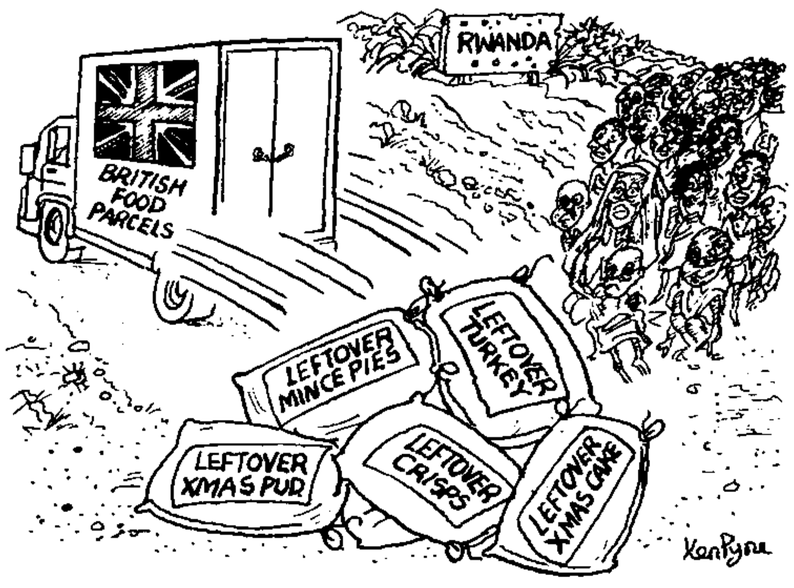
I think our prime minister cocked-up his Diary (EYE 861) or he was very confused when he wrote it.

The European budget was not 319 MPs voting against and 311 voting for. The Euro budget was carried.

It was the VAT on fuel motion here at home that was defeated on those voting figures.

Is there nothing he can get right?

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD KIMBERLEY,
Wirral, Merseyside.



Nosey porkers

Sir,

Your article ("In the City") as regards my departure from the Serious Fraud Office is materially misleading. I invite you to correct your error.

Kroll Associates, the best private corporate intelligence and investigatory service in the world, sought to employ the best and most experienced fraud investigator they could find. That is why, having employed the best recruitment consultants in the country, they came to the Serious Fraud Office in general and me in particular.

I am leaving the Serious Fraud Office because after three and a half years working for the best public investigator and prosecutor of serious and complex fraud in the world, I now want to work for the best private corporate intelligence and investigatory service in the world.

Mr Graham and his report and the report on his report have nothing to do with my decision.

You may wish to know that in respect of all the cases which I have dealt with at the Serious Fraud Office which have so far gone to Court[1] all have resulted in the conviction of all defendants save one where I decided the evidence was insufficient to proceed.

I trust you have the necessary journalistic objectivity and integrity to publish this letter.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM FRANCIS WAITE,
Barrister.

[1]R -v- Mitchell, Patel and another, R -v- Wallace Duncan Smith and R -v- Mullins, Jennings and Johnson

Lookalike

Blair **Reeves**

Sir,

Have your readers noticed the appalling similarity between Mr Jim Reeves, incompetent but memorable crooner of latter-day chansons, and Mr Tony Blair, competent but unmemorable lead-chirper of HMOFB?

Located in Mr Reeves' unforgettable oeuvres are the far-away and poignant out-pourings of "Distant Drums", "He'll Have To Go", "Adios Amigo" and (naturellement...) "I Won't Forget You". Do we really need to be told that they are related after all?

Yours faithfully,
T.R.J. CROSS,
London W4.

Foreign policy

Sir,

It's not only in Surrey that W.H. Smith has been moving things about. The Paris branch also removed the EYE from the political section, and pushed it down to the far end of the periodicals rack, where one can find it nestled snugly between VIZ and BOLLOCKS. Is this meant to be a commentary on the quality of the paper stock, or the contents?

Yours etc,
CHRIS DANIELS,
Paris, France.

All Club together

Sir,

Your readers may be interested in some of the true facts concerning Brandwood Conservative Club Limited instead of the amazing statements in EYE 860.

The club's property in Alcester Road South was so "lavish" that buckets had to be put in place to catch rainwater coming through holes in the roof. It was falling down before our eyes, and the then chairman of directors resolved that it had to be sold because we had no money to pay for essential repairs, and the sale was approved by all members.

Smaller and cheaper premises were then bought by the club for £45,000, not £40,000, and this was six years ago, not two! Subsequently over £30,000 was spent on repairs and improvements to the new premises. The surplus from the sale and purchase was placed in Lloyds bank where it remains "to this day". Where's the mystery about that?

My fellow directors are indeed friends of mine, and our friendship goes back many years — but what's surprising about that? The present board including myself are all prepared to be replaced as directors on the normal rotation basis provided suitable club members are nominated, seconded, and elected by the members at an AGM.

Michael Dolley has not and cannot order the dissolution of the Brandwood Ward Conservative Association. That would be a matter for the Hall Green Constituency Conservative Association, and this is nothing whatever to do with Brandwood Conservative Club.

Councillors John Trojnacki and Graeme Coombes whom you refer to as the good guys have not helped the club in the recent past. In fact Councillor Trojnacki when constituency association chairman refused to pay the modest rent which had always been paid to the club for accommodating the constituency agent, and this loss of income means that running expenses are now having to be met from the funds held in Lloyds bank. Councillor Trojnacki did not seek reelection as constituency chairman this year, and stormed out halfway through the AGM, with Councillor Coombes trailing after him — but this can surely have nothing to do with the fact that over fifty constituency association members signed a motion of no confidence in him earlier in the year.

The "huge" donation to the Euro-election fund was in fact £500, and is it not surprising that a Conservative club contributes to Conservative funds? It's one of the reasons why we exist.

The directors of this club have always conducted themselves and club affairs strictly in accord with company law, the memorandum and articles of association of the company and the Association of Conservative Clubs, and to the satisfaction of the members of the Birmingham Conservative Association, and the independent firm of chartered accountants who audit our accounts.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN LENA,
Chairman, Brandwood Conservative Club Ltd.

If he was a Carpenter

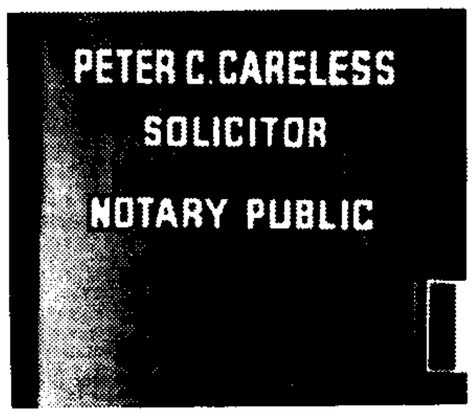
Sir,

The Carpenters' names were Richard and Karen, not David and Karen as you stated in EYE TV. Sorry about this letter, but I was feeling very bored.

Yours sincerely,
MRS NICK MARONOWICZ,
Ilford, Essex.

I-SPY

Littlehampton



Submitted by Anthony Wills. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Commissions editor

Sir,

I was interested to read in the last EYE *that you felt that the social justice commission's rejection of the integration of UK tax and benefit systems has nothing whatsoever to do with Andersen's commercial interests. Presumably you reached that conclusion after reading Andersen evidence to the commission (which I helped to prepare) and being devastated by its elegant logic. Nevertheless, I thought it might be time to write and confirm your conclusion. I have never known Andersen Consulting — or any of my co-authors — to corrupt recommendations to clients to serve Andersen's own commercial interests. That's one reason why I work here. The issue simply does not arise.*

As a regular EYE *reader, I really have enjoyed the various conspiracy theories about Andersen and the social justice commission to which you have alluded over the last few months. Boring though it is, I think it might be time to set the record straight. There are a number of reasons why a consultancy takes on this kind of public interest project. First, it is in everyone's interest, including the firm's own, to take on a topic which has been at the centre of controversy and help sort it out. Second, it is useful for the firm to understand the agenda of each of the major parties. Third, our own staff like to feel they are contributing to public debate. There was tremendous enthusiasm for our being involved with this work.*

Sincerely,
MIKE YATES,

London SE16.

Not guilty plea

Sir,

*Keri Nanshirov's letter about the Kurds (*EYE *860) is both cynical and disingenuous. If Keri is concerned about "disconcerting facts" of history he/she should get them right.*

The Hamidiyeh regiments, far from being "national" or "separatist", were Kurds influenced by their feudal lords and loyal to the pan-Islamic ideal of the Ottoman empire under the Caliph Sultan Hamid. They were involved in the earlier (1895-96) massacres of Armenians. However, though Kurdish irregulars participated in the genocide of 1915, it was, in the main, carried out by the Turkish regular army.

But, even if the entire "culpability" had been that of Kurds, it should reflect no more guilt on the present generation of Kurds than the activities of the SS should on today's German people. Why mention it, Keri, other than as a petty attempt at justifying the Turkish state's current efforts to eradicate the Kurdish identity, and undermine the growing international support for Kurdish liberation, by cruelly invoking the ghosts of the slaughtered Armenians?

Yours sincerely,
ALAN BROOKE,

W. Yorkshire Kurdistan Solidarity Committee.

The 'I's have it

Sir,

To be fair your "Private I-I-I" chart should be based on the incidence of 'I's per 100 words not the total number of 'I's used.

For example, 40 'I's in a 1,000 word piece (4 'I's per 100 words) is more egocentric than 60 'I's in a 2,000 word article (3 'I's per 100 words).

Yours sincerely,
DAVE TAYLOR,

Purbrook, Hants.

Bacon counter

Sir,

*Re Doing The Rounds (*EYE *860). I am disappointed that MD lacks confidence in the ability of The Royal Orthopaedic Hospital to deliver care to his (or her) patient. Just because I hold a management position in South Birmingham it does not necessarily mean that everything I say is incorrect, indeed my track record for getting things right is better than most in this part of the world.*

The facts are that, far from being doomed, The Royal Orthopaedic Hospital is seeing 40 percent more new patients than last year. We have indeed been given over £2 million in additional paid work by the RHA, we are taking on new consultants and the organisation is now expanding faster than the South Korean economy.

If pigs will fly out of MD's arse when we stay solvent and treat the patient concerned then I would suggest that the best thing for MD to do is to sub-contract his (or her) unusual rectum to the Danish Bacon Company.

Yours sincerely,
ANDREW THOMAS FRCS,

Birmingham.

E by gum!

Sir,

Look, why should I put on an anorak, go upstairs, boot up the PC, get into the communications package, type the letter, call via BT, press "send" and close down the whole thing, when I can sit here and scrawl a note to you on paper and fax it? E-mail died in the 80s. Get wise.

Yours etc,
GEORGE EDWARDS,

Harrogate, N Yorks.

(Time: 1 min 40)

Please address letters for publication to Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or e-mail to strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk (marked "For Publication").

LITERALLY Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The Labour Party survey says that dentists have literally been kicked in the teeth."

NEIL DIXON, Radio 4
(Ian Gillies)

"Paul Harkin literally kicked Wigan to death in the semi-final last week."

RAY FRENCH
(John Thorndike)

"Mr Portillo has opened up literally a can of spending worms."

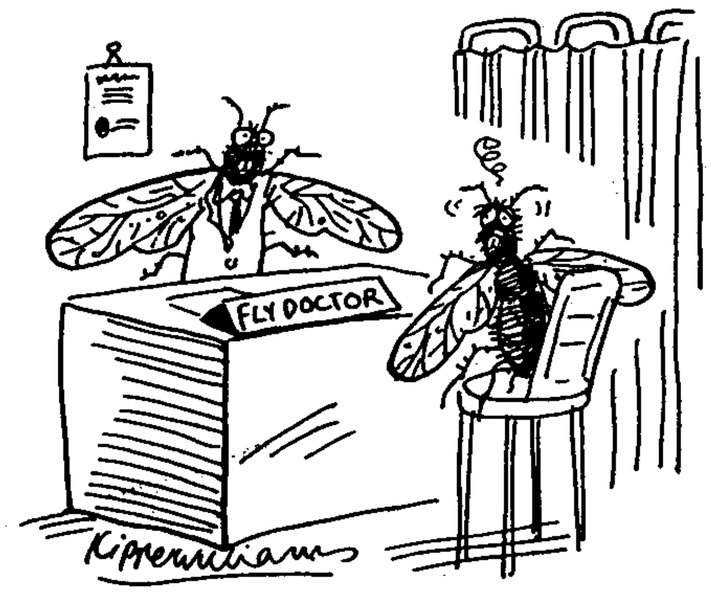
MICHAEL BRUNSON, ITN
(Robert Barnard)

"Following the announcement, the soldiers are literally glued to their radios."

STEVEN SACKER, Radio 4
(Ashley Fox)

"At half time Ardiles said go out there and throw the kitchen sink at them. Spurs are doing that... literally."

ALAN MULLERY, LBC
(S.A. Skinner)



"You should try and take things easier, Mr Blue-Arse"

Postcard from **Bucharest**

from Our Own Correspondent

FIVE years ago the world watched our Christmas revolution, waving goodbye to the hated Nicholas Ceausescu.

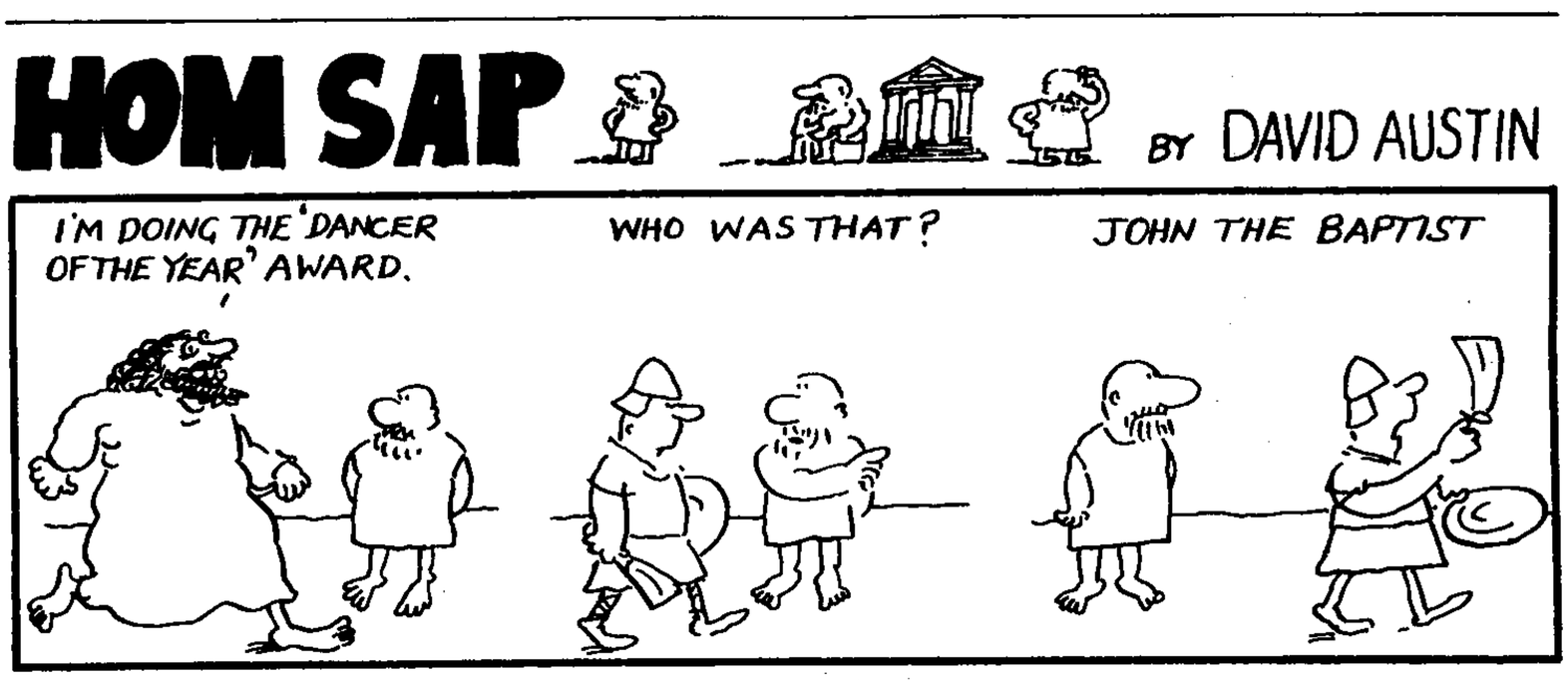
This year, as you watch the retrospectives from John Simpson et al, remember that the tyrants who met their end against the barrack wall were decorated with the Order of the Bath (given by your own dear queen on the advice of Lord Owen of Bosnia) and a fellowship of the Royal Society of Chemistry for Elena (who, however poisonous, was chemically illiterate). And until the very end a limo was on hand to carry the two labradors given by that nice Sir David Steel. The dogs had their own chauffeur.

Still, that was then and this is now. And now Romania has its own McDonalds and its own Coca-Cola plant; and the cigarette companies have been good enough to send us the cigarettes whose tar content makes them illegal in the west. We've also to be grateful for the chemical waste you've paid us to bury — the stuff you wouldn't have in your own backyard. And Westinghouse have finished our new nuclear power plant which was still a twinkle in Ceausescu's eye at the death. It comes on stream in a month or two... the stream being the River Danube.

Soon we'll be able to start closing down our coal mines, making all those rough miners from the Jiu Valley redundant. Indeed, our parliamentarians visited your House of Commons before Christmas and were lucky enough to have an audience with the Adam Smith Institute, who told them precisely that. They also said we should go "full speed ahead" to privatisation, and that it was in the interests of employees.

Under World Bank diktat real wages have fallen 40 percent since the revolution, and unemployment is chronic as we "structurally adjust". Yet the Romanian government is scolded by the west for its "slowness" in transforming the vast Stalinist enterprises — factories employing sometimes 40,000 employees on which a whole town utterly depends — into lean free market machines.

Foreign investment has been a flop — less than $1 billion since the 1989 revolution. But Adam Smith is alive and well and living in Bucharest on the expatriate cocktail circuit. The British, moreover, are among the worst offenders: led by your ambassador, who is famous for being the only British ambassador to drive a Swedish car — a Volvo! His excuse is that he is 6ft 1ins tall and no British car can take him. We knew you were downsizing your role in the world, but his excuse is surely ridiculous.



FUNNY OLD WORLD

"It was far worse for me than for the passengers," Peter Kabawata told reporters in Mbale, "because she was sitting on the seat next to the driver. We have all suffered a terrible ordeal. Who could have thought that a bottle of passion fruit juice and two chapattis could cause such devastation?"

Kabawata had been driving his Gateway bus, Heartbreaker, from Kampala to Soroti when the trouble began. "The woman passenger drank all her juice and ate her chapattis very quickly, much too quickly in my opinion. Then she started complaining of a stomach upset, and asked me to stop. But the company timetable must be obeyed, so I refused to stop and told her to clench her buttocks together and wait until we reached Iganga. She kept shouting at me to stop, and I replied 'clench buttocks, clench buttocks'. Then, just as we drove into town, she cried 'I'm giving it to you', let out a huge sigh, and everyone smelt a very bad smell.

Passengers were crying 'Omukazzi atumalawo!' (The woman is finishing us) and 'Mumutulumye, eno si toyil' (Take her out, this is not a toilet). When we stopped at the bus station, she got off to clean herself, but when she got back on the smell was even worse. Ten minutes out of town, I stopped the bus due to public demand, and we chucked her out and left her lying by the road. We continued on to Mbale with all the windows open, singing patriotic songs to keep our spirits high, and arrived twelve minutes early, my best performance on this route so far." *(Monitor [Kampala], 5/8/94. Spotter — M.G. Clarke)*

—o—

"The incident has confirmed my worst fears about Jacques Delors and the Single Market," said Beryl Tuber, speaking from her Medway bungalow. "Teddy Taylor is quite right, and from now on Kitty and I will be holidaying in the Lake District."

Kitty and Beryl Tuber, two widows in their late seventies, were returning from a pilgrimage to Lourdes when their car was stopped by French customs officials, after a tip-off that drugs, pornographic videos, and several boxes of latex dildoes

had been hidden in their boot by smugglers. "I saw the boxes in the car boot," Beryl continued, "and I thought at first that Kitty must have bought something nice for our niece's pony, Pumplechook. But then the customs man started waving what looked like a large rolling pin in my face, and shouting 'Husband no good, eh?' and I replied 'My husband's dead', and started crying. Then he blew up what I thought was a beach ball, and it turned out to be a naked woman with blonde hair. That's when Kitty fainted."

A customs official later confirmed that gangs of smugglers often hide drugs and pornography in the cars of innocent tourists, in the hope of evading detection. The two women were eventually released without charge. *(Overseas Job Express, October 1994. Spotter — John Murphy)*

—o—

"And therefore, Your Honour, the allegation of indecent exposure levelled against my client is clearly without foundation, and I ask for the charge to be dismissed."

Solicitor Lisa Cooper was speaking on behalf of Ian Raberts, 53, a science lecturer from Cambridge, Mass., who had earlier given his version of events to the court: "This is all a simple misunderstanding. My wife's washing machine was defective in the rinse cycle, and the soap powder in my underpants caused a rash on my genitals. This made them itch, so I started letting them hang out of my briefs. Unfortunately, during a tutorial with Michelle Sowden-Frost, I caught a whiff of her perfume, which caused my penis to become erect and, even more unfortunately, I had unwittingly left open my fly. My erection protruded through my lab coat, and here I am, Incidentally, we have now purchased a new washing machine."

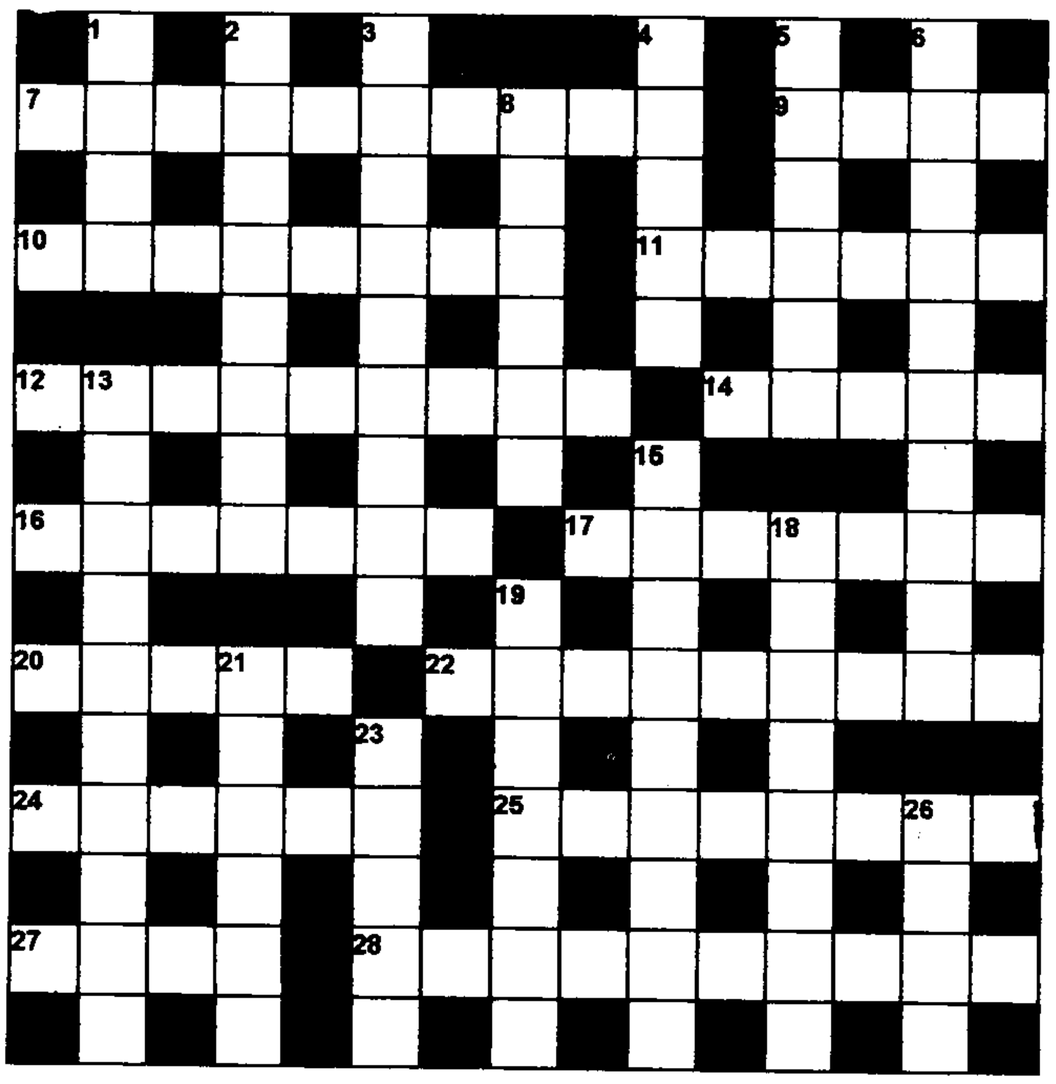
The magistrate accepted Mr Raberts' explanation of events, and cleared him of all charges. (North Shore News [Vancouver]. Spotter — Margaret Whittaker)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 18 by Cyclops

£100 Winner G. CHANDLER



ACROSS

7 Boxing day fare dreaded by trippers? (4,6)
9 (see 6)
10/21 The Agency's quarry is a goner, old boy (8,6)
11 Expensive habit of Birt (6)
12 (see 21)
14/19/4 Produces regular but infrequent emissions, it's often said of 12 (5,3,4,1,4)
16 Make as if on hospital rounds (7)
17 Oral sex pre-requisite for many (3,4)
20 Roger's material (5)
22 Only one in over two million wanting Labour? (3,2,4)
24 It's a bit odd getting son to like pussy (6)
25 Privates are dramatically lined up for Brenda's inspection perhaps (2,6)
27 Common seat (4)
28 Yeltsin *can* descend! With inner glow! (10)

DOWN

1 Nothing to be gained by Maxwell knocker (4)
2 One spoilt child, Brenda at heart — some would describe most royals so (4,4)
3 A tender passage (9)
4 (see 14)
5 Taking a defiant stand, Taki — almost — on mob violence (6)
6/9 Kenneth Clarke stuck over fuel we hear — does he really represent a united country? (10,4)
8 A freed man — and enthusiastic one? (6)
13 Constitution trouble — Virginia's responsibility, supposedly (6,4)
15 Misguidedly phone PM for new hospital — and get capital! (5,4)
18 Generation game competitor, now peer, out to grab the money (8)
19 (see 14)
21/12 No real character, pop at the present time (6,9)
23 Pop singer likely to bomb and get left out (5)
26 *Eye* may appear before Spring (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 06.01.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 17

ACROSS: 6 Bottomley 8 Rats 10/3 Vote of no confidence 11/24 Sunset Tines 12 Skit 13 Drugs baron 15 Droning 17 Premier 20 Hatchet man 22 Rack 24 (See 11) 26 Overdo It 27 Iron 28 Lithuania

DOWN:1 H-Block 2 Atherton 3 (See 10) 4 Eyes 5 Brenda 7 Look up 9 ThePope 14 String-em-up 16 Reactor 18 Maradona 19 Import 21 Coming 23 Chirac 25 SDLP

CARTER IN NEW PEACE INITIATIVE

by Our Diplomatic Staff
Sarah J. Vo

THE INTERNATIONAL trouble-shooter, former President Carter, last night flew in to Roger Moore's home in a last ditch attempt to bring peace to the troubled marriage.

Talking to waiting newsmen, President Carter said: "I am hoping that we can reach a settlement soon. The world is holding its breath. The fighting has got to stop."

The former Bond star and his wife, Mrs Moore, have been locked in a bitter battle for over three days and repeated attempts to bring the warring factions to the conference table have met with little success. However, Carter remained confident: "I believe both sides are ready to talk."

LATE NEWS

Carter ceasefire breaks down after one minute as Ground-to-Air Crockery Attacks by Mrs Moore violate agreement.
(Reuters)

CRUISE TURNS SOUR FOR HONEYMOON COUPLE

'Pea-green boat should never have put to sea' claims Owl

by Our Maritime Staff
Connor No Cruise O'Brien

A FURIOUS couple had their "dream trip" ruined when the luxury vessel that they had booked for their holiday of a lifetime turned out to be a "floating nightmare".

Said Mr Owl: "My fiancée, Ms Pussycat, had saved up to go on a 366 day cruise, including a stop at the Land where the Bong Trees Grow, but the brochure gave no indication of the seaborne hell that we were to suffer."

Unhappy New Lear

The owl's complaints included:

- **Inadequate catering: "Only one jar of honey was provided for the whole trip and the owners tried to fob us off by wrapping it up in a five-pound note."**
- **No entertainment: "There was no international cabaret at all. Instead, I had to improvise songs on my own guitar to keep my partner happy during the long night hours."**
- **Lack of care: "Even when we arrived at Bong Tree Island there was no proper reception with grass-skirted maidens singing, as we had been led to believe. Only a pig turned up to meet us and tried to sell us a cheap brass ring from Ratners."**
- **Crew shortages: "We were meant to be married by the Captain in the 1st Class Lounge. Instead, we had to make do with a turkey officiating. The only food on offer at the reception was mince and slices of quince which we had to eat with a totally unsatisfactory utensil called a runcible spoon."**

The owners of the vessel, however, denied the couple's claims. Said a spokesman: "The owl and the pussycat are just whingeing. We operate a number of other vessels full of satisfied customers, including the S.S. Sieve, which is currently on a special 'Jumbly' cruise to Changly Boor. Any allegations that the Sieve is leaking and generally unseaworthy have been wildly exaggerated by the Media."

The Q.E. is 2.

Answers to Quiz Of Year

1) Mariella Frostrup.

2) Stephen Fry, Michael Portillo and Ian McKellen. All the others have moustaches.

3) a) If Jeffrey had invested £250,000, he would have made £80,000 for himself
b) 3 years' imprisonment.

4) Ernest Saunders, Ronald Reagan, Harold Wilson. One of them does not have Alzheimer's.

5) i) David Mellor
ii) Mellors
iii) Mel Smith.

6) Odd one out:
i) Ronnie and Reggie
ii) Kevin and Ian
iii) Bonnie and Clyde.

7) Bruce Grobbelaar, Terry Venables, George Graham, Neil Hamilton.

8) i) 12½ inches
ii) Major Hewitt
iii) Princess Diana.

9) Picture Quiz
a) Dominic Lawson
b) Mark Lawson
c) Dave Lee Travis.

10) Mariella Frostrup.

(That's enough Quiz. Ed.)

Peter *McLie*

1995's Worst Columnist

WHAT will the New Year hold for poor John Major, I wonder? Things could not get worse. Or could they? I do not know.

I HAVE had an idea for raising money to help the Arts and other good causes.

It's simple. Everybody in the country buys a ticket and then once a week they announce a big prize for the winning number!

Then the rest of the money is given away to struggling musicians or sickly toddlers. Wouldn't it be wonderful?

I even have a name for it — The World Cup!

Now that would be just Grandy and Dandy.

HOW WAS your Christmas? My friend Andrew Wilson phoned to say that he received some "presents" all wrapped up in fancy paper with a card on them saying "Happy Christmas, Andrew".

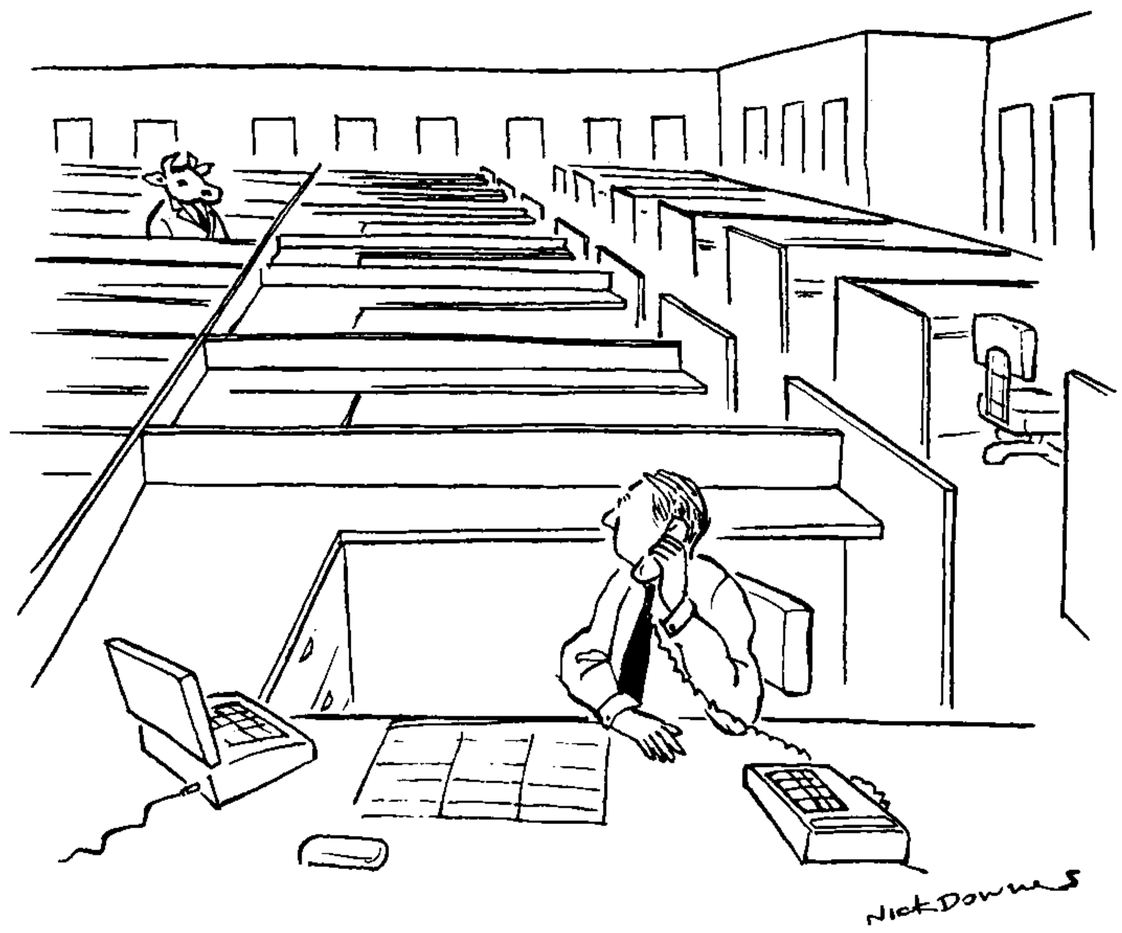
What a ridiculous idea! Mark my words, it will never catch on. Aren't some people just plain barmy?

DO YOU, like me, forget all your appointments and important dates? Why couldn't one of our enterprising stationers come up with a wee book with all the dates printed out? And maybe a map of the Underground on the back? And a tiny pencil that slips into the spine?

It is so obvious I am surprised that no one thought of it before. But you may all rest assured — I have already patented the name — The Microwave Oven!!

Isn't 1997 going to be just Grandy and Brandy?

(Not for you. You're fired. Ed.)



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

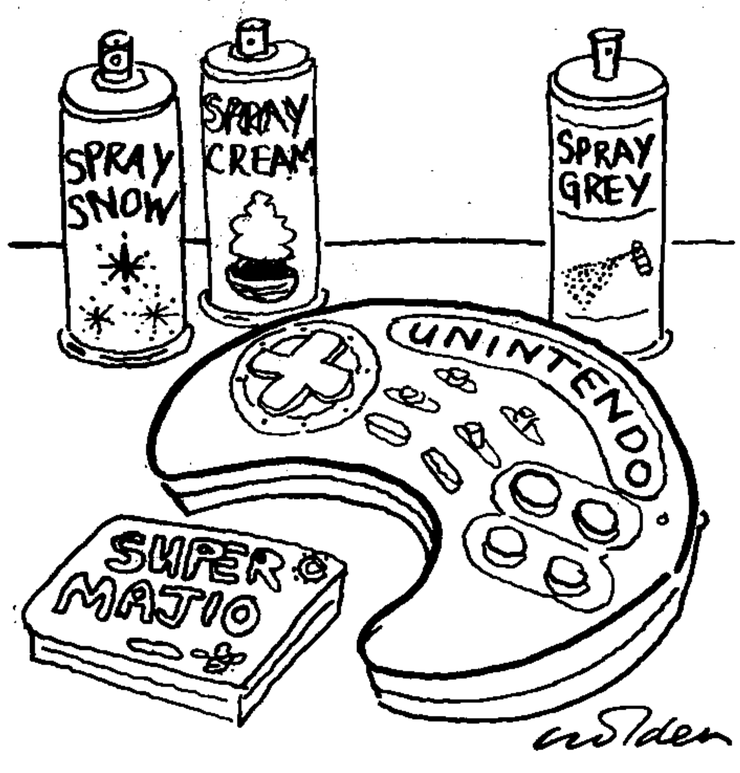
Monday

I see that I am coming to the end of another diary and I am still prime minister. Oh yes! Whatever anyone else says, I am still here. I did get rather a shock when Mr Hanley rushed into my office shouting "Terrible news, prime minister! We've lost Dudley West." "Oh no," I said. "What's happened to him? How did he die? I hope this isn't going to mean a by-election."

Fortunately Mr Hanley explained that Dudley West was a constituency where Labour had just won the seat by a huge landslide. "That will teach the Euro-rebels," I said at once. "It shows they have no support in the country at all." Mr Hanley at once agreed with my analysis. "Quite right, prime minister. That is just what I told Sue and John this morning, not to mention Anne and Nick and Richard and Judy. Oh, and Kilroy." "I am not interested in what you told your friends," I said in my stern 'I'm-in-charge' voice. "Your job is to go on radio and TV and tell the nation that the Euro-rebels are bastards."

Tuesday

Let one thing be clear. I have had enough of these Euro-rebels. Now they are calling for a referendum. How absurd. That is not our way. However, that is not to say that I would rule it out. Nor that I would rule it in. It is possible that I might even decide to allow a referendum on whether we should have a referendum. This should shut the rebels up. On the other hand, I might just decide not to have a referendum on a referendum. That is not necessarily our way. After all, I have been elected to give this country a lead and to act decisively. Oh yes. Or oh no, as the case may be.



Wednesday

I have been thinking a lot recently about whether we should have a referendum or not. There is a lot to be said for it, whatever the Euro-rebels may say. But the problem is to decide what the question should be. I have drafted a possible wording with the help of my adviser Morris Norris.

Q. Do you really want the total disorder of a Labour government which would put up taxes, abolish the monarchy, allow the trade unions to run riot and leave millions of bodies unburied in the street?

A. Yes/No.

This should do the trick.

Thursday

Mrs Thatcher has called me a 'wimp' in the Daily Telegraph. I only know this because my wife Norman cut it out and stuck it to the fridge door with one of those little magnets with a tiger on them that you get with Kellogg's new Sugar-Coated Frostrups. When you collect six of them, you can send off for a large furry tiger. We have now collected five, so there is only one to go. Anyway, Mrs Thatcher is completely wrong, as usual. A wimp would not have had the courage to kick out eight MPs from his own party, like I did. I told Norman that Mrs Thatcher would never have done that. "No," she said, "because they would have been too scared to rebel against her."

Thinking about it, a big tiger would be a bit frightening to have sitting on the kitchen table if you came down in the middle of the night to fetch a glass of water.

Friday

Very soon now it will be time for our three-week Christmas recess. But before we have our holiday, we have managed to put through a very important and historic piece of legislation, the MPs (To Work Fewer Hours) Bill 1994. As I explained to Norman, "I will be spending much more time at home next year." "All day and every day, I imagine," she replied, obviously not having bothered to read the details of the bill at any considerable length.

Saturday

It is Christmas Eve. This morning my brother Terry brought round my present, which looks suspiciously like a book. If it is the one I think it is, it would be very considerably in no small measure annoying since he knows quite well that I have told him that I am much too busy to read it.

"You cannot take it back," he joked, "as it has been signed by the author." Then he had to leave, to appear on the Xmas With Sky Star Special. "I am going to be on with Chris Eubank and Julie Goodyear, who is Bet in Coronation Street," he said. "I am too busy to know about these things," I replied, but he had already gone.

Sunday

We had a quiet Christmas with all our friends, i.e. Jeffrey Archer. After tea we played Scrabble and Jeffrey won, although I couldn't help noticing that Norman wrote all his words for him. I thought this was strange, since he is such a world-famous author. This was the final score: Major, J. 3 points. Major, N. (my wife) 164. Archer, J. (Lord) 3,612. Scorer: J.A.

New Year's Eve

Tonight Norman and I joined hands and sang a song to see in the New Year (at 9.30pm no less!). The words are very silly as I am unlikely to forget any of my "auld acquaintances". Oh no. They are all written down in a new book called "Auld Bastards".

New Year's Day

It says in the paper that I am going to retire and become a banker like Mr Lamont. Not many people know that before I became Prime Minister I was actually a Senior Bank Officer with very serious responsibilities indeed, e.g. making sure the biros still had chains on and sticking the little numbers on the Foreign Exchange window. I can honestly say that I never lost a single plastic number, unlike Mr Jarvis who replaced me who once listed the US dollar as being worth 5p!!!

Needless to say there is not a single mention of this in a certain book I got for Christmas but which I am never going to mention again, i.e. Terry's.

Wednesday

I was very sad to see that the great cricketer P.B.H. May has passed away (I have his autograph on my school bat next to that of C.P. Snedding who was the Games Master). Peter May was an amateur. "There are not enough amateurs in charge," I said to Norman over our Cocoa-Pops. "One too many for my liking," she replied, smiling in her funny way.

Yes, it's **New Year's Eve**

UPFRONTERS

We're Manwatching you, **Mr Morris**! It's pretty **Clare** that **Desmond**'s got his eyes on Agony Auntie **Rayner**!! You must be off your tree! Anthropologise to the lady at once, luvvie!!!

"Ooh-ah-you?" asks Weathergirl **Suzanne Charlton**. **Cantona** you see that it's **Eric**? Careful with your tackle, Monsieur, or she'll tell her dad — and he's a **Bobby**!! He'll stop you getting United!

Don't give up the **Chase**, mate! You're **Caine** and **Lorraine**'s Able!! Not a lot of people know what you're up to! Could be that she's only taking the **Michael**!! *(You've done this 100 times. Ed.)*

Sophia so good! These Hollywood Heroines are **Taylor**-made to be friends! That's show-**Liz**! And **Loren** may they last! *(You're fired. Ed.)*

Baddiel luck, **Emma**!! You're dancing the night away with the other hunky humorist **Rob Newman!!** Did you find him in the **Thompson** Directory?!? But surely, **Mrs Branagh**, he's years your junior!! Bet he'll feel like a **Newman** in the morning!? It's beyond our **Ken**! *(I told you you're fired. Ed.)*

What a **Charlie**! Why didn't they tell the Prince it wasn't fancy dress? Perhaps because no one fancies him! In that outfit you should be **Di**-ing of embarrassment! How po-lo can you get?! *(This is so bad you can have your job back. Ed.)*

Happy Newsnight Year!! That's what the Current Affairs trio were saying at their annual bash!! It's **Snow** laughing matter for **Peter**, when **Jeremy** takes **Stock** of **Francine**! Pax-on-earth-man! *(Stick to showbiz. Ed.)*

BORE OF THE YEAR WINNER REQUESTS ANONYMITY

TABLOIDS HOUND NO ONE AT ANNUAL CEREMONY

by Our Bores Staff **TV's Charles and Suzanne Boore**
(winners of the 1993 Richard & Judy Award for Boring Couples)

AN ESTIMATED 40 million viewers failed to tune in last night for the BBC's showing of the celebrated Gnome Bore of the Year Awards, this year presented for the first time in a new Lottery-style format.

Guests arrived at the Ebbsfleet Channel Link Intermediate Station site from all over the country, transported by a succession of newly-privatised train operating companies, courtesy of Railtrack.

After several days of delays, confusion and mutual recrimination between the companies, the ceremony finally got under way, in the gracious absence of **HRH The Princess of Wales**, when **Mr Emanuel Strobes** introduced the host for the evening, Britain's 18th richest man, **Mr Noel Edmonds**.

Balls of the Year

THE bearded celebrity then stepped out of his helicopter accompanied by **Mr Blobby**, and activated the huge computerised Gnome "Balls Of The Year" machine.

As the giant contraption whirred into action, the *Cracker* theme tune sounded from a thousand loudspeakers and the entire cast of *Martin Chuzzlewit* performed a dance routine choreographed by Radio 4's **Ned Twinky**. Then Mr Edmonds, the well-loved proprietor of Crinkley Fivers, explained the rules.

"Each of these revolving balls has on it the names shortlisted for Bore of the Year. The first ball which falls into the chute will be the winner."

There was a hysterical silence from the audience as the winning ball appeared in the electronic window of the Selectabore device.

"And the winner..." read out the hirsute self-publicist, "is — the **National Lottery**."

Sir Ron Dearing

AT THIS, a number of portly businessmen representing Gnomelot plc appeared on stage and protested that it was contrary to the rules of the National Lottery that the Lottery itself could be declared the Biggest Bore of this or any other year.

To snores of disappointment, Mr Blobby then stepped in and reactivated the balls, to select a new winner.

"This time," announced the portly pink pile of plastic, "the winner of the Grand Bore of the Year for 1994 is... the **Conservative Party!**"

"Could I ask the leader of the Party to step up to collect the award," said Mr Strobes. At which point, mayhem broke out in the auditorium as a number of men in suits scrambled over each other to reach the podium, led by **Mr Kenneth Clarke, Mr Michael Heseltine, Mr Michael Bortillo** and **Mr Borman Lamont**.

Before any of them could claim the prize, however, they were set on by various armed factions of Tory MPs, including disgraced ex-ministers, Eurosceptics, frenzied Whips, **Sir Nicholas Borson** and a rabble of other disreputable persons.

It Could Be Yeo

AFTER several hours of intense in-fighting, a series of secret meetings of the 1922 Committee, the 1992 Committee, the 1322 Committee, the Put Britain Last Committee, the Back to Back to Basics Committee and the Forward to Back to Basics Committee were held, which resulted in a vote of no-confidence in anyone — at which point a bespectacled, grey-haired figure pushed his way through the crowd saying that he had come to accept the prize on behalf of his less-famous brother.

Mr Terry Major-Bore then kept the audience wide asleep by reading out the celebrated passage on p.84 of his book describing the day in 1956 when Cyril the Squirrel broke into the Garden Gnome workshop and spilled cement into the ornamental pool.

This was followed by an urgent Clarification Fax from 10, Downing Street, in which **Mrs Sarah Hogg** said that the prime minister wished to make it clear that the alleged episode of the squirrel was incorrect in every detail, even down to the name of the squirrel, which was actually not Cyril but Robert, and, moreover, anyone who believed what Terry said was a Bastard.

Camilla Parker-Bores

DURING these unseemly scenes, the SelectaBore machine had been flashing up repeatedly the words "Correction – Winner **Prince Charles**".

When it was clear that the computer's advice had not been heeded, the machine gave off clouds of green smoke and blew up, leaving portions of the former Mr Blobby all over the auditorium.

As guests attempted to resume their somnolent state, huge screens were lowered to display the full, uncut, 100-hour long interview between the Heir to the Throne and **Mr Jonathan Dimblebore** (better known as the husband of top motorway protestor **Dame Bel Looney**).

Mr Strobes then regained the microphone and invited **Mr Andrew Neill** to present the next award to the World's most Boring Scotsman.

In an impenetrable Glaswegian brogue, the Brillo-Padded Pundit from Paisley announced that it had been a particularly strong year for Scottish Bores. "The contenders are," he declaimed: "**Mr James Knapp**, for his long-running Signalman's Strike: **Mr James Kelman** for his Booker prizewinning novel *How Dull It Was, How Dull*; **Mr Gordon Brown**, for his seminal definition of 'Endogenous Growth Theory'; and **Mr Ian McCaskill** for his 'Spare a thought for little Ilfracombe with 217 millimetres of rain in the past 12 hours' weather summary.

"But the winner by a majority of 20,618 in Dudley West is none other than **Mr Tony Blair**."

As the pipeband of the former Rosyth Trident Refitting Yard skirled the mournful *Sky News Boat Song*, a huge smile appeared on stage, closely followed by its owner and his lovely wife Cheryl.

Clause Bore

MR Blair spoke movingly for some hours of his belief in private education, the need to privatise the Labour Party and the importance of not being complacent when you know that you are certain to win the next election by a landslide.

His speech was rudely interrupted by hundreds of gay activists descending on pink parachutes, led by **Mr Peter Tatchell** and his friend **Sir Ian McKellen**.

Both began screaming through megaphones that it was disgraceful that there had been no "Gay Bore of the Year" category, because if there had been they would both have shared the prize.

They then "outed" the late Mr Blobby, alleging that he was obviously queer with his pink suits and outrageous bow tie. "We have no evidence," said Mr Tatchell, "except that we know he is gay like the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope and the Queen Mother."

Edward Pearce

MR Alan Bennett was then invited to restore order by presenting his well-known lecture on his childhood in Leeds with particular emphasis on a number of middle-aged women he had known during the war years, such as his Auntie Doris and her friend Mrs Shufflebotham of Heckmondwycke. He was eventually led away to sign copies of his latest cheques *(surely 'Diaries'?)*.

The lights then dimmed, while Mr Strobes announced a new award to be given this year for the first time, the Most Boring Trio.

As biodegradable plastic cups of Mr Richard Branson's Virgin Cola were passed round, accompanied by tubs of Ben and Jerry's Baked Bean 'n' Garlic Ice Cream, the master of ceremonies read out the shortlist: **The Three Tenors**; **The Three Graces** and **The Three South African Women Who Went To Bed With Mr Alan Clark**.

"But the winner," announced Mr Strobes, "is **Three Weddings And A Funeral**."

Mr Hugh Grant then stepped up to accept the award, accompanied by his partner **Ms Liz Hurley**, wearing a backless, frontless and topless dress designed by **Ver Saatchi**, the little-known third Saatchi brother. Hugh and Liz then moved the audience to tears of boredom by reading out a poem by the Rev W.H. Audry on the sad death of Thomas the Tank Engine.

Bores Are All Around Us

THE imposing figure of **Dame Angela Rumbold** was then invited to take the stage to announce the winner of the Female Bore Of The Year Award.

Dame Angela denied that she was only present because she had been paid large sums of money as a parliamentary adviser to Gnomelot. "Lobby, lobby, lobby," shouted the remaining members of the audience, while Dame Rumbled opened the envelope and pulled out a wad of fivers which she stuffed into her capacious handbag.

"The nominations are," she droned on: "**Dame Shirley Porter**, for her brilliant Votes For Houses scheme; **Dame Anita Roddick**, for her brilliant Money For Me scheme; **Dame Margaret Beckett**, for her brief role as leader of the Labour Party; **Dame Barbara Mills**, for her role in releasing criminals into the Community; **Dame Betty Maxwell**, for her touching memoir *My Boys Are Innocent — They're Lovely Boys, OK?*; and **Dame Germaine Greer**, for her new television programme *The Last Straw* (surely 'Bore'?).

"And the surprise winner," announced Dame Angela, "is Miss Absolutely Boring herself, **Ms Joanna Lumley**." Guests were then woken up by teams of highly-untrained Child Support Agency field officers demanding payment for non-existent children. The audience was then treated to a complete "showreel" of all the TV commercials Ms Lumley had starred in this year, including the Don't You Love Being In Control one, the one with the egg on the dish, and the one with 3,000 women dressed as her with John Cleese and the little bloke who used to be on with the fat one who's retired. I always used to look forward to them at Christmas. *(Get on with it, Ed.)*

Bores, Glorious Bores!

DURING this commercial break, the national football teams of North Korea and Greece re-enacted their famous World Cup Group B qualifying round cliffhanger, which finished with the scoreline at nil-all after extra time and penalty shoot-outs.

As the clock struck 3 in the morning, those guests still breathing were entertained by a satellite link-up with England cricket captain, **Mike Atherton**, from the Gilbert and Sullivan Islands, where his team had fought back to 15 for 8, chasing the Islands' Under-16 team's 822-1 declared.

Polishing a cricket ball with some old nails he happened to have in his pocket, Mr Atherton said: "This year's Team Bore Award goes to the **England Cricket team** led by myself. And if the gutter press try to make out that we have only won it by cheating, I shall resign and face a general election."

The ceremony finally dragged its way to a mind-numbing climax when Mr Strobes read out the winner of this year's coveted Sir Peter Ustinov Award For A Lifetime's Services to Boredom.

"The short list this year is very long," he quipped, reading the autocue script which had been written specially for the occasion by TV's **Danny Baker** (with additional material by **Newman and Baddiel**), "even though it only consists of one name — Lord William Rees-Mogg."

Victoria Boren

As the veteran columnist and antiquarian bookseller tottered up in his green corduroy dinner suit, the lottery machine sprang back into life, spewing forth over the recumbent forms of the audience a cornucopia of the following items, viz: maps of Bosnia-Hercegovina, as divided up into 79 "cantons" under **David Owen**'s historic peace plan; unsold copies of *Dead Sheep*, the memoirs of **Sir Geoffrey Howe**; real dead sheep, pickled in formaldehyde by **Sir Damien Hirst OM**; CDs of the **Dead Beatles** from BBC Enterprises; envelopes full of money bearing such names as **Venables**, **Aitken**, **Grobbelaar** and **Hamilton**; videos of several hundred unbroadcast plays by the late **Dennis Plodder**, featuring girls taking their clothes off to the sounds of 1940s dance hits; 4 million unsold plastic models of **Fred Flintstone** and **Barney Rubble**; and 4 billion tonnes of semtex being handed over by Ulster's Man of Peace **St Gerry of Adams** to himself, as a sign of his good faith that the IRA ceasefire is permanent. As the semtex began to explode, several UN "peacekeepers" rushed in to restore order by allowing themselves to be shot at without firing back. **President Yeltsin** then ordered in Russian bombers, and declared World War Three to be officially under way *(cont. p.94)*.

"If you want track you have to lease it from the toy shop"

HOWARD ESCAPES

No One To Blame

by our Prison Staff
Lunchtime O'Screws

ONE OF the world's most dangerous men, Mr Michael Howard, last night escaped for the 89th time.

Howard is still on the run after serving only two years as Home Secretary.

A top secret report has revealed that Howard's treatment was "extremely lax" and that it was "no surprise to anyone" when he wriggled yet again out of the hole he was in.

Howard's Away

The report claimed that Howard was:

● given large sums of money to spend on lunches with journalists to whom he told "his story";

● given 24 hour a day use of a chauffeur-driven limousine from the government pool;

● on Christian name terms with many of Britain's top policemen;

● allowed to mix freely with top politicians, including the Prime Minister.

The report also pointed the finger at Howard's chief keeper, Mr John Major, who failed to supervise Howard's dangerous activities.

Not Howard's End

Major had often been warned that Howard was a very serious "security risk", and that he might do something "very silly" at any time.

But Major turned a blind eye — with the catastrophic results that all Britain is having to live with.

HURD AND MAJOR

(Silly music. Bertie Major is at the piano strumming "Let's All Be Beastly To The Gormans". Hurd in background irons the Christmas wrapping paper for re-use next year)

Major: I say, Hurd, after all that turkey, what the taste buds are after is a spot of good old English fish, eh what?

Hurd: That may indeed be the case, sir, but I fear it is no longer possible.

Major: You mean you brainy coves have swallowed the lot?

Hurd: Not exactly, sir, although it was the noted classical physician Galen who first drew attention to the relation between cerebral activity and the consumption of the piscine species.

Major: Dashed clever, those Greeks. I bet they eat a lot of fish.

Hurd: Indeed, sir. Though I fear that nowadays it is the gentlemen from the Iberian peninsula who have established something of a monopoly in that respect.

Major: What? You mean that's why there's no more fish left for our chaps to catch? Chips are going to look pretty silly on their own. How on earth did this come about?

Hurd: You may recall, sir, that you sent off your friend Mr Waldegrave to save Britain's fish from all being bagged by our European neighbours?.

Major: What? "Oofy" Waldegrave? He wouldn't know a fish if it came up to him in the street and said "Good Evening".

Hurd: On the contrary, sir. Mr Waldegrave had the inestimable benefit of being educated at Eton.

Major: Well, he should have 'eton' more fish. Do you get it, Hurd?

Hurd: Indeed I do, sir. And very amusing it is, too, sir, if I may say so.

Major: So, we sent Oofy off to do battle with johnny dago. And what happened then?

Hurd: Well, you will recall, sir, that on the last occasion when we took on the Spaniards, at the time of the so-called Armada, we won. This time Mr Waldegrave decided that it would be diplomatic for us to come second.

Major: I say! Good old Oofy! Bloody clever. Must have eaten a lot of fish down at the Drones before he went off. They do a dashed good Dover Sole there, Hurd.

Hurd: Not any more, sir.

(Major plays "Rule España, España Rules The Waves" while Hurd opens tin of Rabbit-and-Liver Whiskas for supper)

© Fry and Laurie, from an idea by P.G. Wodehouse

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

DARLING WHAT'S THE MATTER?
VOGUE
I'VE JUST BEEN OFFERED FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR A DAY'S WORK!
GOD, THAT'S OBSCENE !!!
VOGUE
YES. TELL THEM I WON'T GET OUT OF BED FOR LESS THAN TEN!
VOGUE
Kerber

PENALTY CHARGE NOTICE

Notice No.: HF31018699 Date of Issue: 02/11/94

The Motor vehicle with Registration Number: E841BGK

Excise Licence Number: UPYOURBUM

Make: HONDA Colour: MULTI

was seen in: NEW KING'S ROAD, SW6

Hammersmith & Fulham
Serving our Community

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

SIR,—As usual I have compiled a list of the most popular Christian names as they occur in your Births column. The position of the name in the list for 1993 is in brackets.

Girls

1 Mariella (94)
2 Marijuana (1)
3 Marie Claire (7)
4 Roseanne (100)
5 Virginia (2)
6 Davidmella (–)
7 Lyn-Baba (9)
8 Baba-Amiel (3)
9 Bienvenida (–)
10 Em (–)

Boys

1 Radovan (3)
2 Vikram (7)
3 Lionel Blue (–)
4 Mangasuthu (2)
5 Yasser (1)
6 Ooh-Aah (9)
7 Boutros-Boutros (4)
8 Fitz (94)
9 Heffer (–)
10 Ken (–)

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SAD.

JANUARY SALE
REMAINDERED
Cracker
Crackers!

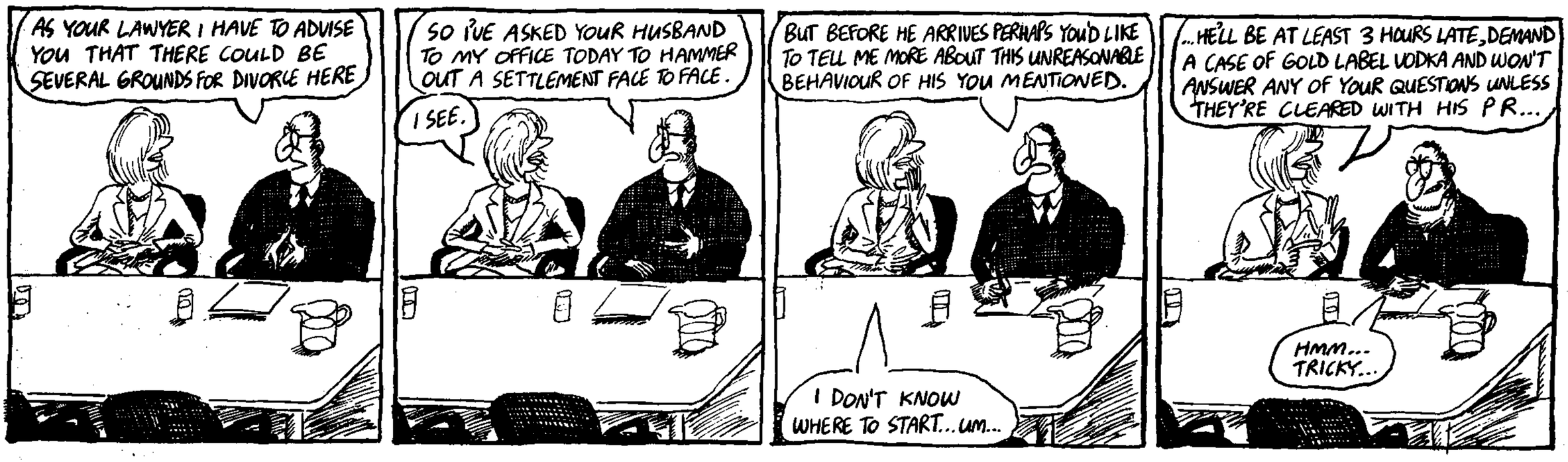
REALLY enormous Christmas crackers, containing: knife, mask, rope, bottle of whisky, cigarettes, pregnant wife, raped mistress etc.

FESTIVE FUN!!

Price: 3p for 10,000

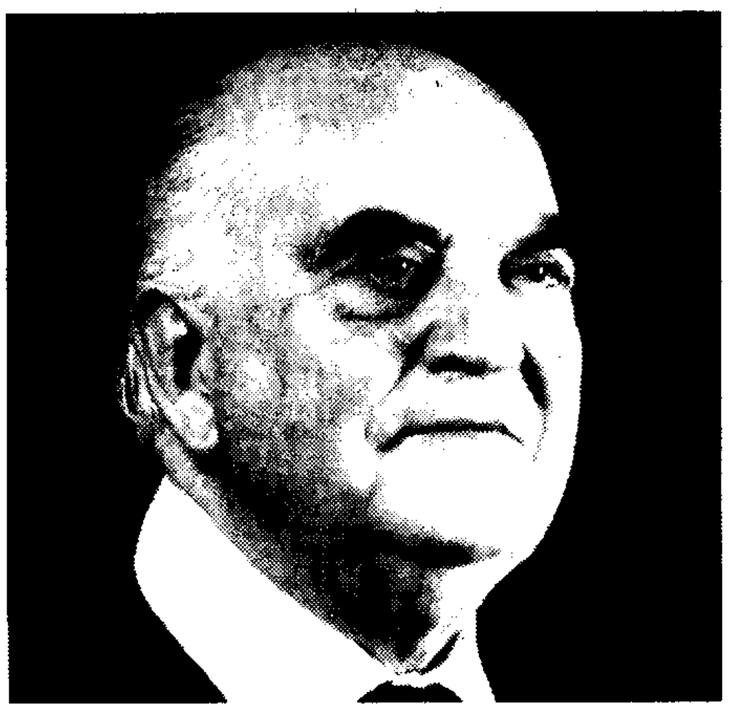
Great Bores Of Today.

"... there's no doubt he broke the mould of English theatre when you think of what we had before him it was all drawing room comedies you know Rattigan Lady Winslow that sort of thing then he appeared totally fresh totally new brushing away the cobwebs of the fifties Marjorie and I went to see *Room At The Top* with John Bratbury and Alice Wesker you know the one he married how many wives did he have? five or six? anyway there was no going back after that he broke the mould there was the one with Richard Burton what was that called? or was that the one with Laurence Olivier? *Twelve Angry Young Men* fantastic they turned that into a film which was on television again recently very good indeed that one really did break the mould and theatre's never been the same I mean understandably as it said on News At Ten he had a fallow period through the '60s '70s '80s and '90s but he came back again with the one that was in the West End recently Marjorie and I didn't get to see it but we did read his book in the Sunday Times *Damn You Mother* he was very rude about her I think she was a barmaid wasn't she? *Oh What a Lovely War* that was another one that was banned by the censor again he was always the outsider still the best thing he ever did which will guarantee him a place in theatrical history is the play he wrote about Henry Porter..."


AS YOUR LAWYER I HAVE TO ADVISE YOU THAT THERE COULD BE SEVERAL GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE HERE
SO I'VE ASKED YOUR HUSBAND TO MY OFFICE TODAY TO HAMMER OUT A SETTLEMENT FACE TO FACE.
I SEE.
BUT BEFORE HE ARRIVES PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS UNREASONABLE BEHAVIOUR OF HIS YOU MENTIONED.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START... UM...
...HE'LL BE AT LEAST 3 HOURS LATE, DEMAND A CASE OF GOLD LABEL VODKA AND WON'T ANSWER ANY OF YOUR QUESTIONS UNLESS THEY'RE CLEARED WITH HIS PR...
HMM... TRICKY...

DIARY

Last month saw the publication of my autobiography, *Remaindering My Good Friends* (£20.00), in which I lay to rest many myths about myself, among them that the books I publish invariably contain too many mispronts. Frankly, nothing could be further from the tooth. Also, my good friends Henry Kissinger, the Longfords, David Owen, Isaiah Berlin, the Sieffs, the Gettys, the Kennedys, President Bush and the Rothermeres have all informed me, at one time or another, that some people have accused me of social-climbing. These accusations, too, are inspired by alice. I need hardly say that, given the choice of a dustman or a duke, I would as soon talk to a dustman as to a duck.



LORD WEIDENFELD

It was at a delightful party thrown by the influential, outgoing and charming Brooke Astor for Mrs Mildred 'Puffy' Hillman, the prominent Isle of Man political hostess, to introduce the outgoing, charming and influential property magnate Eddie 'Kneecapper' Malone to the various strands — intellectual, political, social — of Milwaukee society that I first met the charming, influential and outgoing Lady Sophie Money-Bagges. I recognised at once that she was not only attractive and intelligent, but that she had a hoard of gold. "You must ride a cook for us," I said to her over dinner, and eight years later I was proud to publish her autobiography, *A Life of My Onw* (12pp) in a specially limited edition of three, two of which she kept for herself, and one of which she was permitted to give, after tough negotiating on my part, to her sister.

Lady Sophie was a woman of simple tastes; this was reflected in the way she decorated her various houses in Gstaad, London, Washington, Venice, Aspen, Stockholm and New York. She would always insist that each window be hung with only one set of curtains, that guests should perform their own morning ablutions and that after every dinner party the best plates, dishes, bowls and saucers should be cleaned for further use the next day rather than simply be thrown away. In every way, Sophie was harm itself. Regrettably I have seen little of her since her ill-fated bankruptcy; but then the outskirts of Bradford have always been so much harder to get to than the slopes of Gstaad.

In the course of my life, I have published many a distinguished title, some of whom have managed to write perfectly reasonable books. Works I remember with particular affection include [MEMO: LOOK UP APPROPRIATE NAMES AND INSERT]. Many people have asked me what my secret is. Frankly, at dinners such as those given by my good friends the talented, self-effacing and witty yet considerate Giovanni Agnellis, I like to commission a book from whomsoever I was placed next to. It is a great ice-breaker, and in my early years this method resulted in the publication of such notable works as *My Life As An Undercook*, *How to Be a Successful Doorman* and *A Chauffeur Remembers*.

Later, I mixed in the very top circles, for many years helping the then Prime Minister, the beautiful, elegant and effervescent Harold Wilson in his onerous task of ruining the country.

I will never forget my Downing Street Years. Often, having popped into the Number 10 sitting room, one would find oneself surrounded by the 'great and the good', all working flat out to make Britain a better place to lift in. In one corner, Marcia would he hard at work, felt-tip in hand, tackling the extensive Wilson flies, while over in the other corner Arnold Goodman, Joseph Kagan and Eric Miller would be on their knees designing appropriately tasteful coats of arms for themselves and their close friends and political clients.

A lot of nonsense — much of it spiteful — has been written about the so called 'Lavender List' of those deemed worthy of inclusion in Wilson's Resignation Honours. Yet Harold's sole intention was to pay tribute to those of us who had swerved our country. Now that the fuss has died down, it seems clear to most reasonable people that Sir Reginald Kray, Lord Biggs, Lord Savundra, Sir James Goldsmith and Lord Khashoggi were wholly deserting of such honours.

How should one describe Wilson? For all his intellectual brilliance, he had an understated elegance about him combined with an outgoing charm which made him ideally suited to the job. Lady Falkender, too, was a formidable character: for all her intellectual brilliance, she had an understated elegance about her combined with an outgoing charm which made her ideally suited to the job. As to Harold's wife Mary, I would say that for all her intellectual brilliance, she had an understated elegance about her combined with an outgoing charm which made her ideally suited to the job. Three very different characters, their idiosyncrasies brought to life, I trust, by these brief "pen-portraits".

It was at a highly congenital party thrown by Drue Heinz for Mrs Oatsy Leiter to celebrate Marietta Tree's reception for Eppi Evron's dinner for Drue Heinz that I first commissioned a twenty-volume history of the brain from Professor Gropius. Regrettably, a misprint must have crept into our conversation for the full manuscript of a substantially different work *A Twenty Volume History of the Bra* arrived on my desk ten years later. Thankfully, our decision to publish it as an art-book of a superior kind with a foreword by the talented, beautiful and self-assured Lady Antonia Fraser met with great success. At a party thrown by Drue Heinz to celebrate publication, I suggested to the Professor that he should tackle my original proposal. I am delighted to announce that *A Twenty Volume History of the Rain* is to be published next moth.

Christmas has just been, and as usual we put out the decorations. I am afraid to say that when I came to inspect the crib, I found that my wife had got into a dreadful muddle, placing the Three Kings with their luxury goods and words of great wisdom outside the modest but comfortable lodgings. Inside, she was giving pride of place to a bearded young man, an unmarried mother, their toddler and a group of farm labourers. "I have heard of the spirit of Christmas, but this is ridiculous!" I exclaimed, moving the Three Kings into the warmth and placing all the others out of sight under the carpet. "My dears, you simply must write a book for us!" I said to the Three Kings when they had a minute, hinting that I might attempt to negotiate a foreword from His Royal Highness King Herod.

Children can bring produce to the 9.30 Sunday service and bring it up during the first hymn.

The Rollestonian village mag.

LOTTERY tickets for Children In Need will go on sale at the BhS store in Bristol's Broadmead today. BhS hopes the 400,000 tickets priced at £1 will raise £500,000 for the charity.

Bristol Evening Post

CEL is taking action to ensure that all people, regardless of their racial and ethnic origins, gender, age, class, religion, sexual orientation or ability, are enabled to play a full and active role in society.

Community Opportunities Lewisham

Literary Review

Vile bodies

The Body Farm
Patricia D. Cornwell
(Little, Brown, £14.99)

ONE fact to keep firmly in mind when considering the violent, plasma-streaked rumpus room that is the women's detective novel is that Miss Marple is dead.

She got carted off to the morgue in a meatwagon years ago, her place taken by any amount of tough, no-bullshit babes with chaotic love-lives and sharp, satirical eyes. Put your hand on one of these dames' knees over dinner, buster, and you'd probably end up with a broken wrist, or at the very least a lecture on the level of unsaturated fat in your T-bone.

Chief medical examiner Dr Kay Scarpetta, whose fifth fictional outing this is, is one of the doyennes of her craft: a kind of C. Auguste du Pin of the scalpel and the surgical mask. Fussy, unlikeable, harbouring all manner of badly concealed prejudices about chauvinist male assholes, she is a walking embodiment of what the reader of the modern police procedural looks for in a novel: that is, forensic detail shading off into zealous voyeurism.

The people in *The Body Farm*, the seen-it-all medics and the wisecracking feds, say things like: "The visceral pleura shows scattered petechiae along the interlobar fissures." Digging up a prematurely interred corpse, they observe "a fuzzy whitish mold typically found on bodies that have been exhumed". Even the tape with which the body was trussed is "industrial grade, with a yarn count of sixty-two warp and fifty-six woof, versus your typical economy grade of twenty/ten..." Wow! Someone — Cornwell used to work in a US medical analyst's office by the way — did some *research* here.

And, visceral pleura, whitish mold and exotic industrial tape to hand, Ms Cornwell knocks together an ingenious little plot around the murder of an 11-year-old girl down in the North Carolina boondocks, the death by auto-erotic mishap of one of the detectives assigned to the case, and Dr Scarpetta's simultaneous embroilment in an FBI computer security scam involving her talented but wayward niece, Lucy.

Everything reaches a deductive climax at the venue of the title — the University of Tennessee Decay Research Facility, a ghoulish cadaver lab which might plausibly number Damien Hirst among its interns — and a literal one that whisks Dr S. into a sudden death shoot-out with a baddy revealed as — whoa there! — the mother of the dead girl.

And yet for some reason the whole thing creaks, as the late Maurice Richardson used to say, like a pair of old stays donated by Agatha Christie to Oxfam. This isn't so much the result of the habitually characterless characters — Scarpetta's relationship with her amorous boss Wesley and jock sidekick Marino is mostly done in PC banter — as a consequence of the

catalogue of authorial tics and structural flaws.

For a start Scarpetta has a thing about healthy living, defined here as no smoking or red meat. To consider Marino is to consider the "fried steak lunch" Big Boy has just consumed. Visiting Lieutenant Mote in hospital (the old guy keeled over with heart failure when he found his cross-dressing colleague dangling from the hook) she has a bizarre conversation about giving up fags ("It can be done. I never thought I could.") How does she react when the news about Lucy's auto smash comes in? Yup: "Had there been a cigarette in the room I would have put it between my lips."

Cornwell is also a sucker for the false trail — in particular a serial killer from the previous books who surfaces repeatedly despite having nothing whatever to do with the plot — and the blinding revelations that aren't, notably Scarpetta's realisation that in forcing Lucy off the road meek little Mrs Steiner was actually after her aunt, which the most negligent reader will have spotted about 50 pages back.

What makes this an absolutely characteristic — and suspect — modern artefact, though, is the ease with which the toughness intermittently degenerates into the most viscid schmaltz. When Scarpetta makes out with Wesley "Our kisses were like stolen fire" (Like *what*?) "I knew that I had found the unforgivable sin I had never been able to name..." Likewise, at one tense juncture she reflects: "It was true that when I went long periods without cooking, it felt as if no one lived in my lovely house or cared. It almost seemed my house got sad." Gore and sentiment, put that fag out asshole and kisses stolen like fire. A second-rate novel, then; but like many a member of its cast, the riot of modern transatlantic neuroses has rarely been so ably dissected.

Books & Bookmen

☐ TIM Hely Hutchinson was once the toast of the book trade. The honeymoon ended some months ago when Grim announced that from January 1995 Hodder Headline would be the second major publisher to de-net its titles, discounting an unspecified number of them.

The firm's 1995 terms of trade following Hatchetman's disengagement from the NBA simply reveal that they are bumping up the price of next year's titles so that when they are reduced dull booksellers and the gullible public will think they have acquired bargains galore. In fact, the only beneficiary financially will be Hatchetman and his pals. Some daring booksellers have already gone into print saying they'll do their damnedest not to stock Hodder Headline titles and Grim has had to realise they mean it.

This year the group (turnover: approx £80 million) will have published about 2,000 titles. Next year the Grim reaper has asked for 3,000, an intolerable burden on the already overstretched and underpaid staff. Hatchetman recently instructed Tony Brown "Nose", one of the last survivors from the *ancien regime*, to issue new terms of employment to all employees. "Nose" issued a twitchily aggressive document which landed on the staff's desks on a recent Monday morning which everyone was obliged to sign within two weeks.

The small print (Hodder Headline favours small print as that way books may be produced more cheaply) grudgingly pointed out that staff could consult their solicitors if they wished. Needless to say, most couldn't afford the services of Sue, Grabbit & Runne. Nevertheless the ensuing uproar saw staff not only taking legal advice but pointing out that the document was illegal. There was, for instance, no mention of maternity or paternity leave (Grim, of course, is unmarried); redundancy terms were not properly defined; and there were ridiculous instructions as to how staff should behave *outside* office hours.

A mere five of the brow-beaten staff capitulated and signed the document. Tiny Tim and Tony Brown "Nose" were forced to withdraw the letter, promising that the new document — yet to be presented — will take account of all legal objections levied at the old.

■ *LORD GNOME's newly-instituted award for genuinely disinterested reviewing goes to Humphrey Carpenter.*

He wrote a flattering assessment in the Sunday Times of Lord Gnome's Literary Companion *(Verso, £18.95) — even though one of the book's star items is a demolition of* The Brideshead Generation: Evelyn Waugh and his Circle... *by none other than one Humphrey Carpenter!*

'Bookworm'

footnotes

British Gas GAS LEAK

DESPERATE to meet the heavy increases in share options and directors' pay, British Gas has come up with a bright new plan to cut costs — on testing gas pipes for leaks.

A secret document circulated on 15 and 17 November by British Gas Transco, BG's distribution company, outlines plans "with the aim of reducing the level and cost of leakage survey activity while maintaining acceptable levels of safety".

At the moment all gas pipes in the country are regularly checked for leaks by vans which circulate round the entire network. Pipes in the more hazardous areas are tested every year, the less hazardous (mainly rural) areas every three years. These random checks come up with at least a thousand "indications" of leaking gas. These indications lead to further checks and in many cases to repairs.

All this will go in the new cuts. The document insists that the cost of leakage surveys be reduced from the current £9.12 million to £1.44 million. To achieve this drastic saving, an elaborate "points" system has been established, which identifies the areas where leaks are most likely. From now on, the checking will take place only in areas which score more than 1,000 points — about 10 per cent of the total. So 90 per cent of the pipes which are now checked for leaks won't be checked at all in future.

The document reflects the confidence of gas bosses that the introduction of new polyethylene pipes and anti-leak technology are strong guarantees against future leaks. The old surveying methods, they argue, are over-cautious, outdated and expensive. But the documents' authors are not entirely sure that the public, or even the regulator for the gas industry, Ofgas, will share their confidence.

The most interesting paragraph reads: "Whilst the estimated increase in risk associated with the proposed changes is very small, they could be viewed as a cost-cutting exercise which compromises safety. Consideration should be given as to how these changes are communicated, if at all, to the regulatory authorities."

The *Eye* understands the changes will be introduced in March — but no decision has been taken whether to tell anyone.

TO HUNTING HE DID GO

■ THE ministry of defence has been irritated recently by a series of tiresome complaints about former senior civil servants at the ministry winning jobs in private arms industries... and then snapping up luscious MoD contracts for their new employers.

Here are some of the cases, with the ministry's explanations attached:

The case of Lt Col Richard Heathcote.

He retired as director of production at the Army Base Repair Operation at Old Darby in the Midlands. He masterminded an "in-house" team which hoped to win privatised ministry of defence contracts for electrical installation and repairing army vehicles. In August last year the colonel took voluntary redundancy, and on 17 January this year turned up at a ministry of defence open day, bidding for the same work on behalf of his new employer, Hunting, an arms company.

The ministry says: "The only regulations governing the business activities or employment of former MoD officials are the business appointment rules. These require all non-industrial civil servants and officers of the armed forces to seek official permission before taking up appointments with companies with which they have had official dealings. Lt Col Heathcote submitted a business appointment application to join Hunting in July 1993; this was approved without condition. Allegations that his knowledge gave Hunting an unfair advantage over the in-house bid were investigated. However, the Army Base Repair Organisation advised that the policy on the market test of that organisation had been subject to substantial changes in the period since Lt Col Heathcote's departure, thus rendering his information out of date. There were therefore no justifiable concerns about this appointment."

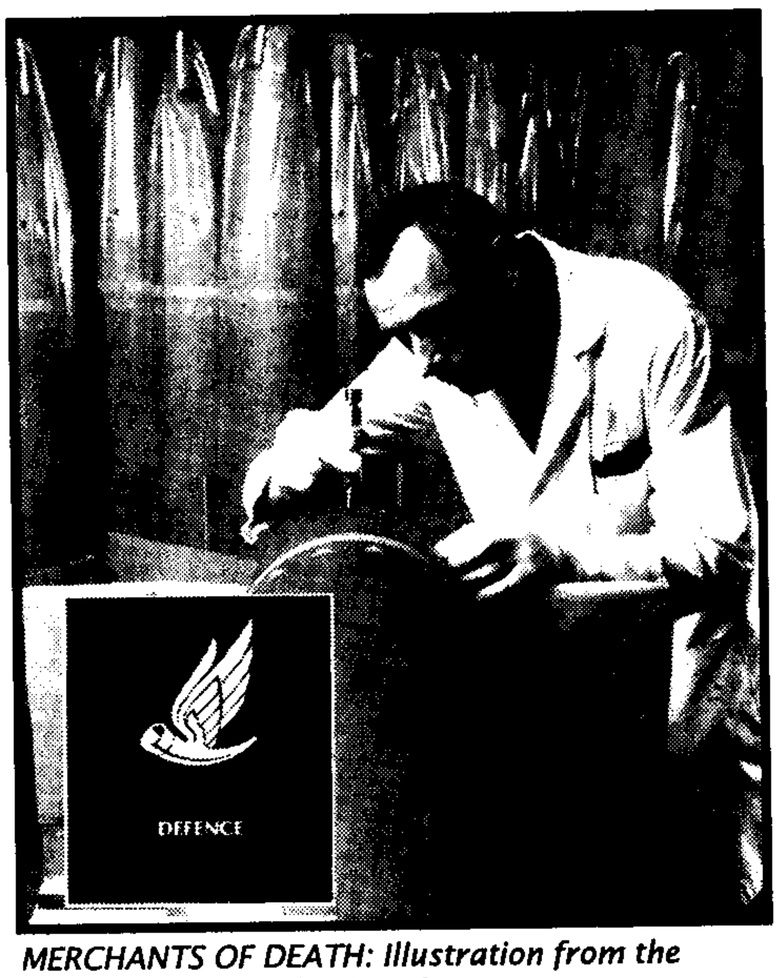
The case of Richard Tonge.

He set up a company which won a £200m royal navy contract for the disposal of Oberon submarines and Leander frigates. He was joined on the board by Peter Elsey, who had previously worked for the ministry's transport supplies department at Bath.

The ministry says: "The business appointment rules do not apply to crown servants setting up their own companies which then bid for MoD contracts. While it is likely that knowledge of MoD procedures and the individuals' expertise in their particular field will assist them in submitting competitively priced bids, the normal procedures for competitive tendering will eliminate the possibility of favouritism being shown to these companies.

The case of Major Neil McQuarrie.

He retired recently from his job at the ministry's "procurement executive attack helicopters project office" — but is now back in the same office in St Giles Court, London, doing the same job — for a Southampton firm of consultants.



MERCHANTS OF DEATH: Illustration from the annual report of Hunting plc

The ministry says: "It is possible for crown servants to leave MoD employment and then be re-employed as consultants. This may often be the only way of retaining an individual's expertise in a particular field. The re-employment of Major McQuarrie was permissible."

The case of Force Sensing Ltd.

Force Sensing Ltd was registered in 1987 by Donald Andrew Jones of 10 Andrews Close, Church Crookham, Hants; Daphne I. Jones of the same address; and Mr R.F. Leppard of Lancing. In 1990, the board of directors was joined by Mr Hugh Richard Sam Jones, father of Donald and husband of Daphne, who had just retired as a senior official of the ministry of defence Royal Aeronautical Establishment, Farnborough and Bedford.

Greatly assisted by ministry of defence contracts, Force Sensing was astonishingly successful, achieving in 1989 and 1990 a turnover of more than half a million pounds. In 1990, the first year of the recession, the firm made a profit of nearly a quarter of a million, after paying £88,257 to directors.

In February this year, the *Eye* wrote to Mr Jones and contacted the ministry of defence about this company and its relationship to the ministry. Mr Jones did not reply. The MoD would only say that MoD police had investigated the company, and that no charges had been laid against anyone.

Last month the *Eye* again asked the ministry about Force Sensing. The reply was: "This matter is under investigation and we cannot make any comment."

Black and White Mistrial Show

ANYONE who thinks that convictions on bogus confessions are outdated should study the amazing case of Colly Wilson.

Wilson was convicted in 1992 of attacking newsagent David Garrett outside his Nottingham shop. Mr Garrett said at once that the two men who attacked him were white and tall. Colly Wilson is black and small. Christopher Simmons, who pleaded guilty to being the getaway driver for the attempted robbery, and got 12 months, insisted Colly Wilson was not one of the robbers.

How does a black man get convicted of a crime committed by a white man? By confessing.

Mr Wilson was first arrested in connection with a crime in Grantham, Lincs — a charge which was dropped when he proved his innocence. At the same time, Notts detectives were interviewing a police informer called Brian Murray, whom they suspected of taking part in the attack on the newsagent. Murray, who knew Colly Wilson, blurted out his name as a suspect.

Wilson was rearrested before he could leave the police station. In his first two interviews, when his solicitor was with him, he denied all knowledge of the attack on Mr Garrett. Only in a third interview, when the solicitor had left, did he confess to it. No attempt was made by the police to contact the solicitor to call him back.

Wilson's confession was the only evidence against him when he came to trial at Nottingham crown court in November 1992. Again and again his lawyers urged the judge to withhold the confession from the jury. It had been obtained, they said, when Mr Wilson had been in custody for 45 hours and was in a high state of fatigue and insomnia. A psychiatrist told the court that when Mr Wilson confessed he was suffering from a severe paranoid personality disorder which made him susceptible to beliefs of persecution.

His Honour Judge Matthewman, a former Labour councillor, allowed the confession as evidence. The jury convicted. Colly Wilson was two and a half years in prison before his case came to the appeal court on 21 December. Unanimously, after some trenchant criticisms of the police, the three judges set him free.

CROWN GOES DOWN

NO ONE has been prosecuted for the south London race murder in April last year of student Stephen Lawrence, but the crown prosecution service (CPS) has managed to prosecute Stephen's friend Duwayne Brookes, 17, who was at the bus stop where Stephen was stabbed to death by a racist gang.

As the *Eye* reported earlier this year, Mr Brookes picked out two suspects on identification parades. The two men identified were arrested, but the CPS refused to prosecute after a police officer cast doubt on Duwayne's identification.

Almost immediately after the prosecution was dropped last September, Duwayne Brookes was charged with two public order offences at a demonstration called to protest against the Lawrence murder.

At Croydon crown court on 13 December, the young man's lawyers argued that the case was an "abuse of the judicial process". They pointed out that the evidence against Duwayne Brookes was available to the prosecution from the day of the demonstration (in May last year); but that Duwayne was not prosecuted until three and a half months later, when he was no longer needed as a witness in the Lawrence case.

This, argued defence barrister

The Stephen Lawrence Murder

James Wood, was playing games with the law. Brookes should have been charged as soon as evidence against him became available, or not at all. The defence also argued that Mr Brookes was so traumatised by the murder of his friend that he could not be held responsible for his actions during the demonstration.

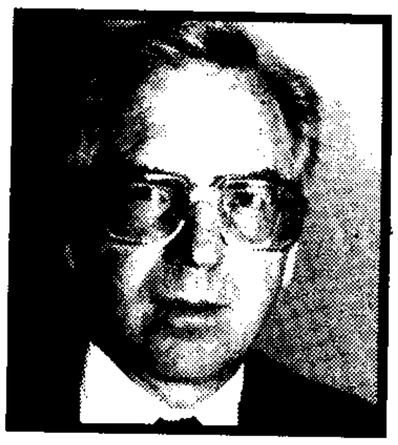
Judge Charles Tilling was sympathetic to both arguments. He indicated that even if Brookes were found guilty, he would be absolutely discharged. Everyone in court expected the prosecution to be dropped. The prosecuting barrister, Alex Cameron, left the court to telephone the assistant crown prosecutor at the CPS, Mr Howard Youngerwood. Back he came with Mr Youngerwood's instructions that the case should continue.

Not much later, after hearing arguments from both sides, Judge Tilling threw the case out. The prosecution was, he said, plainly an abuse. He had never in his life stopped a prosecution for this reason, but he was doing so now. Duwayne Brookes walked free.

A curious feature of the case was that all the other charges arising from the 8 May demonstration were dealt with by the local CPS branch and local police at Sidcup; but the Brookes case seems to have been run by Howard Youngerwood, a very senior official at the CPS who deals with the Stephen Lawrence murder.

A CPS spokesman agreed that Brookes, too, had been prosecuted by the local branch of the CPS. But, he explained, "there was a degree of consultation with Mr Youngerwood because Brookes's defence case related to disclosure of information in the Lawrence case. So obviously Mr Youngerwood, the lawyer in the Lawrence case, had to be consulted."

He had to be consulted, perhaps; but why did he take the crucial decision to go ahead with the doomed prosecution? The CPS spokesman said: "Every case is looked at independently on its merits and our lawyers take advice from the appropriate people at the appropriate time."



Prof. Stewart Sutherland

A job for wife

A SERIES OF open letters from a whistleblower have been circulating round Edinburgh University to key academics. Many have been mischievously entitled "a job for wife".

The wife in question is Mrs Sheena Sutherland, whose husband, Professor Stewart Sutherland, has just taken up his appointment as principal of the university. The letters note the following facts:

● As soon as her husband's appointment was announced last year, Mrs Sutherland, then a consultant virologist in London, started asking about possible jobs in Edinburgh.

● On 18 June, Edinburgh university advertised extensively in the medical press for a completely new part-time virologist. The ad stated: "the post would be suitable for an established consultant".

● The number of established consultant virologists available for a part-time job in Edinburgh was not huge. One applicant who fitted the description snugly was Mrs Sutherland. There was only one other applicant, who was not an established consultant. Mrs Sutherland was appointed and started her job at the beginning of her husband's first term as principal.

The *Eye* asked Dr Martin Lowe, secretary to the university, if the appointment of the wife of the new principal to a completely new post was ill-advised. He replied: "No. We certainly would not have contemplated advising a selection committee that it should not consider a candidate for a post simply because his or her partner was already employed by the university at whatever level. We neither discriminate against nor favour partners of incoming post-holders."

PS: In 1992, when Prof Sutherland was vice-chancellor of London university (a job previously regarded as full-time), he was appointed the first chief inspector of schools under a new expensive government bureaucracy called Ofsted (Office for Standards in Education). The university was paid about £30,000 a year by Ofsted (ie by taxpayers) for the professor's services.

The *Eye* asked Ofsted why a part-time inspector of schools was appointed for a full-time job. A spokesman replied: "Professor Sutherland was such an outstanding candidate, such a catch." After two years, the professor moved to his new job. His successor, Mr Chris Woodhead, who hopped over from the quango SCAA, is full-time.

The Larder was bare

■ **IF YOU'RE in the hotel business and (like everyone else nowadays) you want a consultant, you might be impressed by a flamboyant brochure from accountants Pannell Kerr Forster Associates.**

It boasts of a new consultancy, Purchasing Systems Ltd, whose mastermind is Mr Ivan Shenkman. Mr Shenkman, says the brochure, "has extensive experience of the food supply industry". He will ensure that suppliers designated by the new consultancy will "attain the moral ground".

Everyone hopes Mr Shenkman will improve on his last sortie into the hotel and catering business. He was a director of London Larder, launched by the huge food combine Brake Brothers in 1991. By December 1992 it had made losses of £1.1 million and run up an overdraft of £2.1 million. It was closed down.

LOCKERBIE LIES (contd.)

LYING about Lockerbie, a favourite sport of ministers ever since Pan Am flight 103 was blown out of the sky six years ago, has been taken up with gusto by the prime minister.

On 15 December, Labour MP Tam Dalyell asked him about a public inquiry into the disaster. Major replied as follows: "I am advised that Lord Parkinson in 1990 undertook to consider with colleagues the case for a confidential inquiry. When subsequently a decision was taken to hold the fatal accident inquiry, the case for a second inquiry fell away and that was explained and accepted by the relatives at the time, I am advised."

In these two sentences, Major managed four lies.

1) Parkinson's offer was in 1989, not 1990.

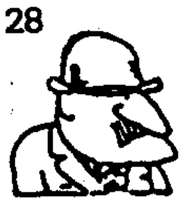
2) Parkinson promised a delegation of bereaved relatives that he would do his best to secure a full-scale inquiry under a high court judge who would hear most of the evidence in public. He put the idea to his heroine, prime minister Margaret Thatcher, and returned crestfallen to the relatives with the news that such an inquiry was out of the question. Instead, the relatives got a fatal accident inquiry, Scotland's equivalent of an inquest.

3) The case for a second inquiry certainly did not "fall away". On the contrary, almost all the relatives were dissatisfied with the fatal accident inquiry which did not inquire into any of the intelligence-related matters connected to the bombing; nor into the identity of the bombers; nor into the unlikely notion, popularised by intelligence officers on both sides of the Atlantic and their friendly media, that the bomb started its plane journey in Malta.

4) Major knows perfectly well that the relatives certainly did not "accept" the case against a public inquiry. In December 1992, the fourth anniversary of the bombing, UK Families Flight 103 sent the following message to prime minister Major. "In the interests of truth and justice, in honour of the 270 people who died in the tragedy, in the interests of the integrity of your government, we ask you today to order a full independent public inquiry into all circumstances of the bombing."

Major replied that he "shared their concern" but certainly wasn't going to order a public inquiry.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3103



In the City

THE rush to acquit the Guinness Four and pronounce them victims of injustice by the incompetent Serious Farce Office has provoked an almost lemming-like stampede away from the facts of the Guinness scandal. And, lest we forget, it was indeed a scandal.

Eight years on, however, and new readers could be forgiven for thinking it some minor esoteric violation of obscure City rules from the outraged tone of much press coverage since the home office disclosed that it was sending the case back to the court of appeal because "new evidence" could make the convictions of the Four Mustgetricher — Ernest Saunders, Gerald Ronson, Anthony Parnes and Jack Lyons — unsafe.

Perhaps this reaction is not altogether surprising as few of those who rushed to acquit "Deadly" Ernest and his Guinness share supporters had the dubious pleasure of sitting through the six months of the first Guinness trial in 1990. And many who observed from City offices maintained a lingering sympathy for those who were humbled. Ronson and even Saunders had once been feted on their pages. As for the SFO, it is now so discredited it is all too easy to convict the Elm Street bumblers and acquit the City suits. Juries do it all the time!

But the conclusion that the Guinness prosecution and convictions were wrong because of the SFO's failure to disclose that a previously unheard of and now defunct City body, the Licensed Dealers Tribunal, had found in 1988 that no false market was created by several share support operations (including Guinness) and therefore that brokers TWH Investment had not acted improperly, overlooks a mountain of evidence. In particular at the heart of the Guinness trial was not just the allegation of a false market being created in Guinness shares during the 1986 bid battle for Distillers but much more serious allegations of theft, deceit and dishonesty.

Without the knowledge or approval of the Guinness board, chairman Saunders instituted a £200 million covert operation to support the Guinness share price and so outbid rivals Argyll. A syndicate of secret share buyers was recruited by Saunders's closest advisers, led by Guinness director Tom Ward and merchant banker Roger Seelig. Ronson, Lyons and other Parnes' clients, plus Wall Street insider dealer Ivan Boesky and others recruited by then merchant banker and Guinness Two defendant Lord Spens, signed up in return for indemnities against loss and secret payments totalling £25 million.

All of this had to be done covertly because the companies act forbids a company from purchasing its own shares except in restricted circumstances and only then with shareholder approval. The indemnities and inducements were all funded indirectly by Guinness and so were in clear breach of section 151 of the act. As Guinness money was being paid without board approval for an illegal purpose this amounted to theft.

Undisclosed share support operations by related parties were also banned by the Takeover Panel. One more reason the Guinness transactions had to be hidden. If they had been disclosed Guinness might have to raise its bid if crucial share stakes were purchased by supporters at above the official offer price. The panel enforced such a ruling over a stake purchased by Ward through the Swiss Bank Leu and brokers Cazenove.

Secrecy and dishonesty were necessary not only outside but inside Guinness. The exercise relied on the production of false invoices approved by Saunders to cover up the payments which were in certain cases — including Lyons and Parnes — made to offshore bank accounts. This involved deceiving both the Guinness board, accounts department and auditors.

It was because of these blatant breaches of section 151 and the submission and payment of false invoices from Ronson (£5 million), Lyons (£3 million) and Parnes (£3 million) — and not because of making a false market — that they and Saunders went to jail and/or were fined. The other three blame Saunders who in turn blamed his advisers.

Not that discussion of false markets and share support operations was never heard during the trial. On the contrary, much of the defence case was based on 1986 City custom and practice which it was suggested made what happened with Guinness business as usual. Although the TWH case was not discussed, a number of other share support operations were raised with witnesses — such as during the bid for brewers Matthew Brown and the rival support operation mounted by Argyll on its share price. The jury should have been in no doubt that there was a lot of it about. But then that is no excuse if, as it was, it is both wrong by City rules and illegal by company law. It is only a plea in mitigation.

Just how "relevant" the undisclosed Licensed Dealers Tribunal verdict on TWH was to the Guinness trial will be for the court of appeal to decide. The SFO and prosecutors John Chadwick (now a high court judge) and Barbara Mills (now the director of public prosecutions) decided its findings were not relevant. That seems an extremely curious conclusion and a decision which may finally blow away the SFO.

However, it is worth considering certain aspects of the TWH case. Most of the bids in which TWH provided share support at Spens' behest in return for indemnities were friendly, not contested, bids. And when two other 1986 deals were investigated by Spens' bank Henry Ansbacher the internal report concluded: "We have been party to transactions which involve undisclosed share support, dubious invoices and apparent failure to report to the Takeover Panel."

Ansbacher's lawyers concluded in one deal that although a false market had been created and the Takeover Panel's code had been breached it did not matter as the share support had merely been designed to con the underwriters into supporting a higher bid.

The DTI and fraud squad interest in TWH was no secret to the Guinness Four, although the tribunal's verdict was not disclosed until Spens' trial in 1992. The Ansbacher investigation and the subsequent DTI/police interest was first revealed by the *Eye* in October 1987 and May 1988. A fact which makes the failure to disclose more puzzling as well as the failure of the defendants to raise the matter at trial.

Only when the full detail of the tribunal hearing and verdict are available will it be possible to judge how correct the SFO decision was in holding it not to be "relevant". The tribunal's finding was on the basis only of "the evidence presented to us", which would have been much less than that presented at the Guinness trial or to the still unpublished DTI investigation.

But what should not be overlooked is that this would have been a decision taken more by QCs Chadwick and Mills than by the SFO's then director John Wood, whose nickname "The Nodding Donkey" says it all. That decision could turn out to have been the real crime, rather than the issue of whether or not there was a false market in Guinness shares. If the tribunal report was irrelevant, why not disclose it? If it was relevant, then it had to be disclosed. If Saunders and Co get off because of a misguided attempt to gain an advantage it is to be hoped that someone other than the SFO will take the fall for the subsequent uproar and compensation bill.

But before the tidal wave of seasonal sympathy sanctifies the Guinness suits it is worth remembering not only the facts of the case, but also Dr Johnson's verdict: "Where secrecy goes, roguery is not far behind". Their two year wait for a court of appeal review has been spent without pain other than in the wallet. Alpsheimer Saunders spent Christmas on the ski slopes; Parnes is in the south of France; Lyons in Switzerland; and Ronson still enjoys limousined luxury. All after at most a few months in open prisons for what they did. The Birmingham Six, the Guildford Four and Stephen Kiszko spent more than 10 years doing hard time for what they did not do while waiting for their chance to be proved innocent.

'Slicker'

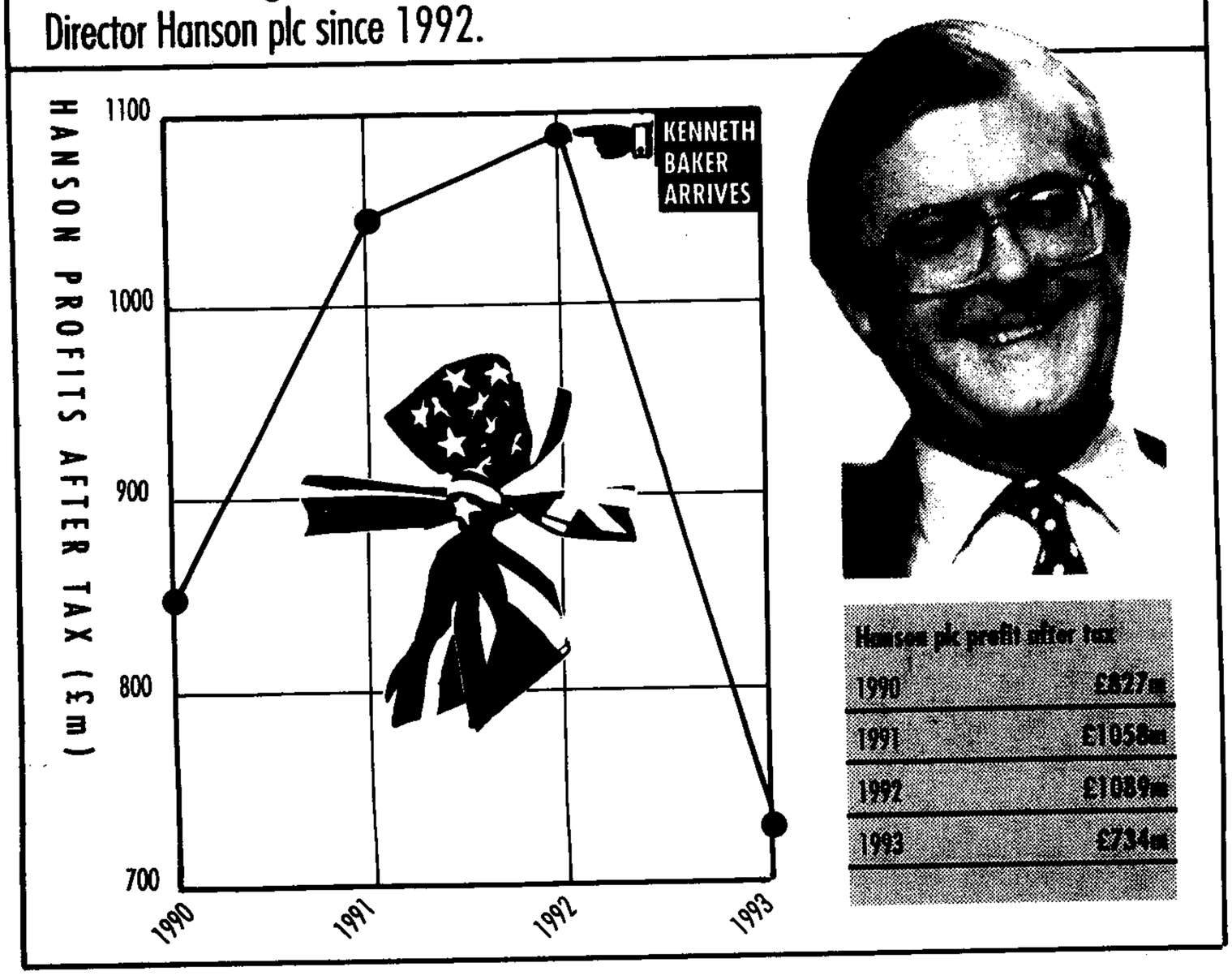
Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes

Ding dong bell, come to check your well.

Inspector from the EEC,
Heard you were getting water free...
Now what a naughty boy was that
To try to drown a bureaucrat
In your well. Ding dong bell!

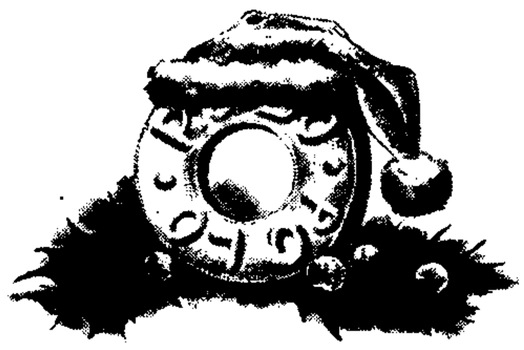
British Management Part 8. KENNETH BAKER MP, former Home Secretary.

Director Hanson plc since 1992.



Hanson plc profit after tax	
1990	£827m
1991	£1058m
1992	£1089m
1993	£734m

Forget the humbug this Christmas.



specialEYEs

meeting people

SIRIUS

THE INTELLIGENT PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

An exclusive LOCAL service operating NATIONWIDE
for the intelligent, articulate and well-educated person.
The LARGEST agency with personal interviews.
BS 5750 marks our commitment. All major credit cards accepted.
24 hour FREEFONE 0800 [illegible]4451 information line

London: 071 256 6123
North West: 0625 860924
Scotland: 031 225 3606
North East: 091 383 2224
South West: 0272 429500
West Midlands: 021 704 0200
Yorkshire: 0904 611621
East Midlands: 0602 241113

FREEPOST 305, London EC4B 1SY

travel

£99 + VAT (£116.33) per couple (NOT per person!)

Top ten UK locations:

York	Bath
Lakes	London
Cotswolds	Edinburgh
Chester	Norwich
N.Forest	Eastbourne

Includes:
Two nights en-suite accommodation
Full breakfasts both mornings
Dinner (£25 allowance) on arrival
Admission to a local attraction,
Free champagne (if you dine both nights)
Lunch on the third day.
Luxury hotels - eg Country house, leisure, swimming pools, gourmet,
4nights/5days - £99 per person!

Classic **BreakAway HOLIDAYS**

FRANCE: SAME PRICE! 3 days/2 nights

AVAILABLE ANY DATES 1 JAN - 7 APRIL
(£5 pp supplement 8 - 30 April (Easter)

Includes:
Return ferry crossing - two adults & car.
Two nights en-suite accommodation in a choice of hotels throughout FRANCE including nr. PARIS, Lille, Arras, Rouen, plus over 100 other locations.
Children £24 sharing room. Under 3 free.
Extra nights from £10 per person.
Supplement: Breakfast £3 (most hotels.)
All other routes available - please ask.
Many more - over 700 hotels UK/France

DISNEYLAND! Available all dates incl half-term (Easter add £5pp) Ferry, 3★★★hotel & ADMISSION! Adult£99, Child £29.

PARIS CENTRE - 3★★★ hotel with private garden nr Eiffel Tower. Return ferry & two nights accommodation. Certain dates only. £69 + b/fast.

Nr PARIS. Return ferry & 2 nts 2★★hotel,free pkg, centre 30mins. Various locations - nr Versailles/St Germain/Disneyland £59. (4 sharing £39)

REIMS - Return crossing with your car, 2 nights accommodation at a good hotel tour and tasting at a top Champagne house, a museum pass, & a free bottle of champagne. £79. (4 sharing car DEDUCT £40 party)

OWN ACCOMMODATION ARRANGED?
Ask for FRANCS! (French Reservation at-no-charge Service.)
Book your ferry with us & enjoy FREE accommodation in hotels en-route to your destination, plus FREE Michelin route/destination maps.

Telephone: 0492 532 532
for our colour directory of hotels - no obligation

services

Solve your Xmas gift problems! Your **DAD** will love playing this game on his PC or laptop. So will your **Mum, Wife** or **Partner** Buy them:

Elimination

the witty word game from
The Sunday Telegraph

At **GAME Virgin, WH SMITH, Silica, Byte, Menzies etc** only £24.95, (needs 386 or better plus Windows 3.1) or ring us NOW with your credit card details for delivery post free within 14 days.
(0480) 498889.

GENTLEMAN'S VINTAGE BESPOKE CLOTHING
DINNER SUITS £95
MORNING SUITS £130
SMOKING JACKETS £90-£150
0432 870855
(London deliveries available)

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH OR NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
0624 622660
Access - Visa - Mastercard

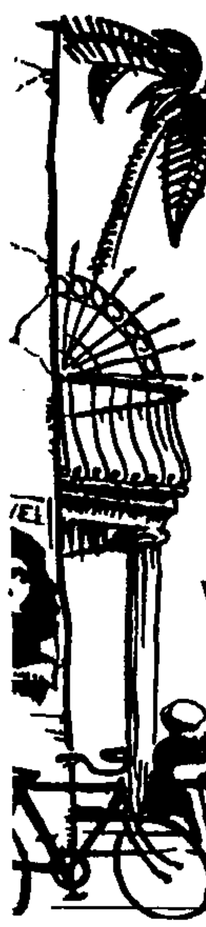
English Country Cottages

AN UNRIVALLED choice of quality holiday cottages in England's loveliest areas.
Free 420 page colour brochure.
RING (0116) 246 3344
QUOTE E408 (24Hrs)
OR WRITE: ENGLISH COUNTRY COTTAGES, DEPT E408, P.O. BOX 201, LEICESTER LE4 9WL.

THE SHELTONS
charming
Serviced cottage-apartments
Assured quality
Independence with maid service
Nightly reservations
Great Snoring. North Norfolk 0328 820597
Rural peace close to heritage coast

THE ART OF LIVING IN ITALY

Traditional farmhouses, villas and apartments in Italy's prettiest regions.
FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01798) 869421 QUOTE I153
Or write: Vacanze in Italia, Dept I153, Bignor, Pulborough, W. Sussex RH20 1QD.
AITO BOND 1010
VACANZE IN ITALIA
ATOL 2433

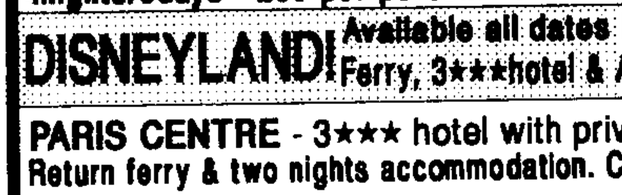


EVERYTHING IN **¡CUBA!**

14 day prices from
DIRECT FLIGHTS £345
STUDY TOURS £675
SQUARE DEAL — HAVANA AND VARADERO £510
CABANA HOLIDAYS £525
SCHOOL AND STUDENT TOURS — £485
VARIOUS CYCLE TOURS IN WESTERN & EASTERN CUBA
Direct flights every Thursday from Stanstead

FULL DETAILS FROM
071 262 1676
Progressive Tours

Breathing Space.
(Don't take it for granted)



We don't. Help us keep Britain's breathing spaces open. Footpaths and coastline, high places, heaths and woodland. For walkers.

For 60 years, THE RAMBLERS' lobbying and vigilance have been achieving wide-ranging rights of access to some of our most beautiful countryside.

Take a walk. Take a breather; consider the future. Invest in THE RAMBLERS.

The Ramblers
60 years working for walkers

Join us.
Your subscription brings our essential outdoor information Yearbook, the quarterly colour magazine, and membership of one of 380 local groups.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____
Address _____
_____
_____
Postcode _____ Date of birth _____

Tick box for membership type required
☐ Ordinary £16 ☐ Reduced* £8
☐ Family/joint £20 ☐ Joint reduced* £10
(for two adults at same address)
☐ Life membership £550 (£275†)
*Under 18/students/retired/disabled/unwaged
†60 years or over. Please state date of birth

Donation £_____ I enclose £_____
☐ We occasionally exchange names (for use once only) with other organisations which may interest you. Tick if you prefer to be excluded.

1-5 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 2XX. Regd.Charity No.306089 PE

Explore the Private World of the Waterways
and enjoy the luxury of hotel service as you cruise

Travel the tranquil countryside in a luxury hotel. The Inland Waterways take you to the heart of the scenery. Get close to the wildlife. Explore the country villages, market towns, churches, houses. Absorb the heritage. Meet interesting people. Walk the towpath. Enjoy the real atmosphere of traditional canalside pubs with real ale! Steer the boats and work the locks or just relax and watch.

All this and more on our brand new hotel narrowboats.
Single and double cabins all with *en suite* shower/wc.
Full central heating. *Quality country cooking.* **Glazed observation Saloon.**

Singles or groups. Charter bookings welcome. Short breaks at any time.

Country Hotel Narrowboats
19 Church Street
Bingham, Notts, NG13 8AL
tel or fax 01949 837158

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

Classified Lineage Advertisements

£1.50 per word

Deadline for Friday 13th January issue —
TUESDAY 3th January

At the plaque unveiling outside John Le Mesurier's home in Barons Court, west London, Clive Dunn recalled Sgt Wilson's off-screen humour. Engaging a policeman in conversation at a New Year's Eve gathering in Trafalgar Square, he asked for directions to Alcoholics Anonymous. Policeman: "Are you going to join, sir?" Le Mesurier: "Certainly not, I want to resign."

THE INDEPENDENT

A MEAT-FREE ORGAN, "The Vegetarian Body-builder". Practical guide by top nutritionist, £3.95. Cheques to Dr Goodlad, 16 Rushworth Avenue, Nottingham NG2 7LF.

CARICATURES/ Portraits/Commissions, 061 226 0318 — if unanswered: 061 226 7805.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to order, sae to P.L. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

SEX, SHOCK, SCANDAL!! Turn your friends into a "Daily Stun" front page photo exposé. Mega fun gift for birthdays, valentines, retirements, etc. 061 456 2028.

WILD MUSHROOMS ON VIDEO — forays, recipes, identification guide. 90 mins quality viewing, essential for collectors & gourmets. £17.50 to TASTY MUSHROOM PARTNERSHIP, Poppy Cottage, Burnham Market, Norfolk PE31 8HA.

SMOKING PARAPHERNALIA and herbs. Interested?? Free lists! PPP (P), Freepost, PO Box 12, Tenby, Pembs SA70 7ZZ. Tel 0834 843074.

PAGAN POSTERS/CARDS — Odin, Thor, Ostara, etc, in full colour. Phone PLANET PRINTS for free catalogue 0825-764707.

CARICATURES FROM photographs, £15 framed. Speedy service. 081-690 9839, Nick.

INTERCHOCOLATE — Say it with chocolates. 01362 697481.

FRENCH TICKLERS/ Condoms... Custom printed "The Perfect Gift". ONE JUMP AHEAD, Box 111, Croydon CR9 6WS. Tel: (010 33) 972 77566, Fax: 972 77817.

DESIGNER WATCHES — large range, phone now for a catalogue 0494 763534.

WALKABOUT MAGICIAN — 0380 850453.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1300 hits 1950-1994. Prices from £98 also sales. 081-318 2852.

DESIGNER-TYPE WATCHES — large range. Phone now for a catalogue, 0494 763534.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE. Your unique message printed on the label. Delivered nationwide next day. £24.95. 081-675 9494.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/ cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

A TITLE FOR A TENNER? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London/South East — gift vouchers. 0784 451007.

BIRTHDATE / ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

BALLOONAGRAMS £16.50 including delivery. 0362 697481.

HOT TUB
6ft Diam Oak & Steel.
Car Towable.
0825 890491.

CARICATURIST FOR parties and trade fairs. 081-520 7262.

12 ORCHIDS or 12 roses, £18.50 including delivery. FreeCall 0500 99 66 99.

PAGAN CARDS/ posters for all occasions. Send for colour brochure — PENNCARE, 16A High Street, Pembury, Kent TN2 4NY.

XMAS PRESSIES? Caricature/portrait from photo. Wendy 0548 810468.

INFLATABLES — Pigs, Sheep, 3ft Willies £10 — Dolls £20. Now in — delay spray £5 — cheques payable "OUTRAGEOUS SUPPLIES", PO Box 5, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 1FA.

BUCKLE YOUR SWASH with one of our 17th Century shirts, nice with jeans. Free brochure 0203 687544. £25 plus p&p.

LEGAL HIGHS — Stimulants, hallucinogens, tranquillisers. Cheapest prices. Guaranteed effective or money back. SAE: JUNGLE FEVER (P), PO Box 2118, Reading, RG1 3YJ.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £95 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 081-840 0108.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops 'n' Robbers, Doctors & Nurses, Dinosaurs... SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273 606240.) Access/Visa.

SPEECH WRITING by Mitch Murray. See Page 30.

DAVE THOMPSON — Your Glastonbury in January enquiry cut short. Please ring again.

EYE FLIP! So can you with your own pinball machine. 01 493 655680.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first, DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871353.

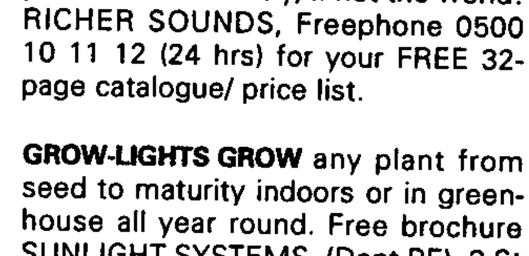
APOLOGY! Our prices bring tears to the eyes of our competitors. Although genuinely sorry, we can't help offering our customers the best hi-fi prices in the country, if not the world! RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) for your FREE 32-page catalogue/ price list.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS, (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

LOGS DELIVERED — London, 10 sacks £55, 081 691 4984.

STD CODE DECODER locates advertisers. New 1995 "Phoneday" edition. £3.00, two copies £5.00, p&p 50p. OAKLEY PUBLISHING, PE95, PO Box 115, Norwich NR14 7HT.

TIGHTS WITH LYCRA by return post, £1.75 to £3.25, established range, free brochure, THE TIGHT GALLERY 0622 872789.



IRISH REMOVALS — owner driver UK - Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

REMOVALS and rubbish clearance 071-602 3036.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 0181 299 1398.

SPEEDY MOVES — 081 568 6957.

JAMES REMOVALS. Household and office. Storage and packing. 071 431 1713.

SPEAK CHINESE for business. Win that contract! Experienced, professional teachers. Central London office. Brochure: ORIENTAL LANGUAGE TRAINING, Tel: 071 222 0226, Fax: 071-733 6693.

LEARN TO DRIVE — various UK centres. 0594-543863.

LEARN A LANGUAGE on location! EF International Language Schools have centres in Nice, Reims, Munich, Barcelona and Florence. Holiday or Intensive courses begin every Monday and last from 2-50 weeks. Multi-centre courses also available for a working knowledge of more than one language. Call (071) 401 3660.

SPANISH LESSONS — Qualified, experienced, native teacher 0378 340537.

SAILING IS Therapeutic. Introductory weekend £100, five days £245. Professional instructor on 34ft yacht based Solent 01703 457335.

THE EROTIC PRINT SOCIETY is publishing its third limited edition: INITIATION AMOUREUSE. This 1940s French erotic chef d'oeuvre, never translated before, has its own set of 25 enchantingly explicit colour lithographs by Suzanne Ballivet. Write for colour catalogue, sent under plain cover, to: EPS (P3), Admail 366, London SW1H 9EP. Or fax: 071-244 8999. Or voicemail: 071-244 7576. Over 18s only. Your privacy assured.

M HOROVITZ will send post free a signed copy of his first po-collection for 15 years (Wordsounds & Sightlines — Sinclair-Stevenson) on receipt of £6.99 at 29c Colville Terrace, London W11 2BU.

ASK YOUR DAD — "Wouldn't you like a FREE copy of THE OLDIE for Christmas?" Then call 071-636 5124 with the details.

NAZI-LIKE Jewish/Christian MPs, judges, lawyers named in COPS GAZETTE for over twenty years. Readers, send account of correspondence with the named plus autobiographical brief details for publication in book. Jiten Bardwaj (would-be Yoga Meditation parliamentary candidate Hampstead) 4 Broad Green Wood, Bayford, Herts SG13 8PS.

FOR SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS you're not supposed to know: noseWEEK. Twelve issues £29. Cheques to Subscription Services, Box 38, Hitchin SG5 3BR.

HEALTH COVER-UPS — danger of drugs, treatments — revealed by what Doctors don't tell you. Send £1 to WDDTY, 4 Wallace Road, London N1 2PG for trial copy.

FREELANCE MARKETING specialists full/part-time. Call free 0500 99 66 99.

DO YOU WANT to work and live in the USA? Dual National, British Citizen and licensed US Attorney based in Tampa, Florida will assist all applicants to gain permanent residency ("GREEN CARD") in US. Will conduct a job search, assist in buying real estate, etc, where applicable. Will be in central London in March 1995 to meet perspective clients. Call USA 813-963-3396, Fax 813-963-3088 or write to Attorney Laurence A. Steel, 12504 Yent Place, Tampa FL 33618, USA.

ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING printed onto a T-shirt. Phone Alex on 0524 841286.

PERSONALISED original answerphone messages, telephone VOGUE 0802 253422 for free sampler cassette.

YOUNG CHARTERED Accountant seeks projects in South-West for evenings and weekends. 08392 424013.

POET FOR HIRE — speeches written — all occasions, weddings, parties, etc. No payment without approval. Call Charlie on 0962 732722.

DRINKLINE — If you are concerned about your own or somebody else's drinking call DRINKLINE, the National Alcohol Helpline, for confidential advice and information. Open 9.30am to 11pm Monday to Friday. 6pm to 11pm Saturday & Sunday. Call 0345 32 02 02 All UK. 0171 332 0202 London only. All Helpline calls charged at local rate. Dial and Listen for taped information on alcohol. Freephone 0500 801 802.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See page 30.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail /message-holding service. REGENT STREET — 071-580 4242.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 0482 658701.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS NW1. Confidential, letters/parcels held/forwarded, etc. 071 383 2325. J. RICHARDS, 63 Camden High Street, NW1 7JL.

CONVERT PETROL ENGINES to domestic heating oil. SAE to: VETEC LTD, West Haddon, Northampton NN6 7AD.

MOVING HOME? Are you overpaying your solicitor? Is he or she always there to answer your calls? Does he or she communicate with your estate agent? Do you understand what is happening in your transaction from day to day? Do you feel confused by the jargon? This experienced solicitor offers a personal service in which you can have absolute confidence, at the most competitive rates available in the West End. Call 071-486 4405 (fax 486 2458).

SUPEREFFECTIVE CVS/ applications compiled/refreshed. 0985 214670.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

ANYTHING AMERICAN. Your US contact will find/send publications, CDs, recordings and business contacts. ASHTON, PO Box 40, Harpenden, Herts AL5 4PZ.

CABOUCHON — the success story of the nineties. Unlimited earnings potential. Full or part-time 0386-710672.

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS bought for cash. 081-340 9668.

VISA OR MASTERCARD with NO credit check. 50+ banks explained that give Visa/MC instantly. £20, MR O'CAMSTER, 62 Grosvenor Rd, Ilford, Essex.

D.K.F.L., a major earning opportunity for the information age. Part/full-time details 0227 771915.

INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE cases — Professional Consultancy. Tel: 0378 179926 in strictest confidence 24 hrs.

RACING INFORMATION — profitability guaranteed in writing — free trial, phone: 0532 854612.

NEED FINANCE? Loans available, 01634 818516.

CAPITAL MARKETS DBMS+ for dealers, Sun/Solaris. 0171 388 8189 24hrs.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES — We pay more than surrender values. NEVILLE JAMES LTD, FIMBRA member. Tel: 0730 233000.

CCJs LEGALLY REMOVED regardless of judgement satisfied plus Credit Secrets Handbook. ACS 081 688 9550.

SELF-EMPLOYED Start-Up? Substantial tax rebates. Details 0181 870 7338.

EYES 458-829 — 8 missing. Offers please 081-851 4661.

300 EYES going back to 1972. Offers 071-736 7264.

126-DATE, 700 issues — offers 01892 511544.

BOX NUMBER INFORMATION

Private Eye Smalls, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG

IF YOU REQUIRE A BOX NUMBER

Our box numbers are for personal advertisers only (not commercial) — the cost is £8.00.

HOW THEY WORK

Replies are sent to Private Eye and are strictly confidential. We mail them to you initially about 2 weeks after your advertisement has appeared and then (approx) fortnightly for a total of 8 weeks.

REPLYING TO BOX NUMBERS

Only one reply — Send your reply in a stamped addressed envelope to Private EyeSmalls (address above) and mark the box number clearly on the front of the envelope.

More than one reply — Put each reply in an unstamped envelope, seal it and mark the relevant box number clearly on the front of each envelope. Then put them all in a larger stamped envelope addressed to Private Eye Smalls (address above).

Your reply is then forwarded by us to the advertiser.

INVENTOR OF new sailing craft/yacht, sailing under same principle as a "windsurfer", wants money/entrepreneur, preferably with knowledge of plastic boat/builders. (Mr de Savary, for example?) QUICKLY. Tel: 0705 811471.

MAECENAS, to rehabilitate beleaguered Euterpe. Box 0362.

ROMANIAN FOUNDATION For Education desperately needs support — both financial and moral. FUNDATIA HUMAN REFORM, Str Crisan Nr.13, Odorheiu Secuiesc 4150, Romania.

PLEASE MAKE A DONATION
to The Roy Castle Cause for Hope Appeal or stage an event to raise your own funds for the world's first lung cancer research centre.
Donations to:
The Roy Castle
Cause For Hope Appeal
13th Floor, 100 Old Hall Street
Liverpool L3 9TA
Cheques made payable to "The Roy Castle Cause for Hope Appeal". For further information call Michael Dyes or Duncan Priestley on 0151 227 3636.

NETWORK AGAINST THE CSA is fighting the act that destroys families and betrays children. Our national newsletter costs £150/month to print and mail... can you help? 0280 860680.

BBC2'S VIDEO NATION programme is looking for people seeking partners via agencies/ads. Please call Juliet Wilson on 081 576 8663.

MURDER — wealthy bloke wanted to front 10 grand reward to capture girl's killer. Catch 22. Reward will not be claimed but will cause maximum publicity. Friends PO Box 40, Eastleigh, Hampshire SO50 8ZB or telephone 0585 618280.

CENTRAL ASIA — silk route, independent traveller, planning trip, seeks information 0628 28391.

ELIZABETH HURLEY memorabilia. Box 0162.

PRIVATE DICK to nail City with fraudsters. Huge potential return — phone Roy on 0506 842638.

AIRMILES — 0273 689578.

CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 071 935 0023.

COUPLE COUNSELLING and individual therapy, North West London. Jacqueline Selby 081-450 4958.

POST-GRADUATE desperately needs £500. Anything considered. Box 0262.

WANTED — Stamp collections. 0606 863711.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 0942 603599. Fax: 0942 670868.

FLIGHT OPTIONS — 0432 851062.

ASK THE ORGAN GRINDER — Affordable flights. Professional service. Phone/fax: 01904 608941.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION — get mobile in '95. Residential Driving Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

DOLPHIN SCHOOL — Do you care enough to spend two weeks tracking the behaviour of dolphins migrating through Monterey Bay? Join us on one of our 165 cultural and conservation projects in 50 countries. No experience is needed: just a working brain. EARTHWATCH, Tel: 0865 516366, Charity No: 327017.

SW FRANCE — Three delightful cottages in glorious countryside near historic Chalus. Private pool in sunny courtyard. Brochure: 01684 540169.

MERIBEL, THREE VALLEYS — private catered chalet. Exceptional cuisine, fully staffed, for that post Christmas treat. Available from January. 0732 867347/6.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES from 25 days to 30 weeks. Tour prices from £350 to £1,937. For a brochure and details of video shows phone BUKIMA AFRICA 081-451 2446.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

TRACK AND OBSERVE rhinos, follow the Inca trail. Join one of 160 expeditions this summer. Send for your info pack now. We need your support. EARTHWATCH 0865 516366.

TRUCK AFRICA — intrepid camping expeditions. 4-27 weeks 071-731 6142 (24 hrs).

SECLUDED ANGUS GLEN — great food, fine ales, log fires — GLENISLA HOTEL — 0575 582223.

AMSTERDAM SMOKERS weekend. £35 — phone 0282-450275 anytime.

BEST OVERLAND VALUE, 5/6 months through 18 African countries: Desert, Jungle, Wildlife. Reputable private company. More info from HOBO TRANS AFRICA EXPS. 0986 873124.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 19 weeks adventure camping expeditions. For detailed brochures: PHOENIX OVERLAND 01509-881818.

COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB. Five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. Prices from £220. Accommodation lists supplied. Telephone 0285 760415 for brochure.

INDIAN HIMALAYAS 1995? Wonderful treks, jeep safaris (as seen on TV), wildflower tours, motorbike safaris, mountain biking: throughout Manali, Zanskar, Ladakh, Sikkim:- HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS, 10 Station Parade, Eastbourne, 01323-646604.

PARADISE ON EARTH! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials 12 nights from £630. For brochure, Tel 01481 823417.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. Small group exploratory holidays. Adventure from A to Z. Alaska, Argentina, Assam, Australia... Vietnam, Yemen, Zimbabwe. 160 tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, the Americas. 1 to weeks. Free 100-page brochure. Tel: 01252 344161 (24 hours). AITO/ATOL bonded.

ABSOLUTE AFRICA — Camping safaris in Africa 4-27 weeks 081 742 0226.

AFRICA... THE ULTIMATE adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris, TRACKS is the African specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1994/95 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 0424 838 404.

HEREFORDSHIRE Holiday Cottages, 0432 851062.

REFLECTIONS — making friends. SAE details 68 Field Lane, Frimley, Surrey GU16 5JZ.

DIOGENES — The affinity group for cynics nationwide. Membership £15 pa payable to DIOGENES, PO Box No.511, Cardiff.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES — respectable, marriage-minded. Send for free colour brochure. (Also 800 ladies on video available.) SIAM INTRODUCTIONS, Est. 1985. Telephone 0689 860 880 (24hrs). Facsimile 0689 860 244 (24hrs). As seen on UK & Thai TV.

FILIPINO & ORIENTAL Anglo Social Club, UK only introductions (including Events Diary) from £30. Dance 31.12.94. MARTIN/MARLENE, 081 952 9128/0956 345616.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant" Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071 839 8884 (day) or 081 297 1424 (any time).

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — brings veggies together. 081 348 5229.

PERSON TO PERSON: best singles magazine in universe. Free details PLUS bargain offer! (Dept PE/8), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

ONE THOUSAND beautiful women worldwide seek friendship/ marriage. Free Colour Photobrochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

GENTLEMAN, 35, 5'10", unmarried, solvent, presentable; likes horses, music, travel and epicurism; seeks interesting lady in Kent. Box 2761.

CUTE WOMAN, 26, wants to study something hard, seeks handsome, intelligent man. Box 0462.

ATHLETIC SINGLE GUY (32), seeks woman for uncomplicated physical fun. Midlands. Box 0562.

MEDITERRANEAN-BASED fun female, now in England, seeks carefree, independent, sun-loving, fit male to share the good and bad times in heavenly exile. Over 45? Then do reply — however, I am not an ageist! Box 0662.

OZ MAN, 44, to visit London late '95, would like to correspond with lady of general interests. I enjoy film, dining, sailing, also comedy venues. Write Box 1330L GPO Melb, Vic 3000, Australia.

ROMANTIC BACHELOR, 42 years young, passionate, charming, good-humoured, gentle, "cute" (strange sort of term but that's how women have described me — honest!), seeks beautiful lady. Any area. Photo appreciated. Box 2062.

TENTATIVE YOUNG MAN seeks bored humorous thoroughbred for euphoric enlightenment S/W, Elsewhere. Box 0961.

ADVERTISE IN EYE LOVE TO FIND ROMANCE IN '95

PROFESSIONAL MAN, solvent, unattached, 48. Likes driving and walking in countryside and dining in or out. Seeks like-minded woman. Letter with photo, please. All answered with same. North-West. Box 1062.

SUCCESSFUL, PROFESSIONAL Boy, 35, seeks stocking wearing girl 25-45 for friendship, fun and frolics. Being totally honest, I'm short and bald, but also intelligent, lively and with a great sense of humour. Interests are arty, foody and a bit sporty. London area. Box 1162.

BEAUTIFUL BICYCLING beery brainy balding Londonised Northerner, 35, seeks gorgeous intelligent female hedonist with attitude, photo Box 1262.

BUSINESSMAN (33), 90% sane WLTM kind considerate lady. Box 1362.

WANTED: A MAN who wants more from life! Fun loving woman, 39, untied, based in Holland, seeks wonderful man, 29-49, for fun, friendship, passion and maybe something lasting. Box 1462.

GENTLE, PROFESSIONAL guy, slim, non-smoker, 45, married, seeks attractive female, 22-32, for friendship and cuddles. Photo please. London. Box 1562.

HANDSOME SEXPOT — educated, slim, single, 48, seeks playmate, slim, beautiful, maybe lasting relationship? Photograph essential. Leicestershire/anywhere? Box 1662.

OLDER MAN, tall, personable, caring, secure, welcomes younger, pert, provocative, primadonna-ish partner. Polish your kinky/bossy boots. Box 1762.

LIVELY, YOUNG AT HEART female (S. Wales) seeks professional gentleman for friendship and uncomplicated relationship. Age 40+. Photo appreciated. Box 1862.

PROFESSIONAL IRISHMAN, early 40s, single, celtic appearance, living Dublin, visits London regularly, may move permanently, media job — seeks female for lasting relationship/marriage, with love, loyalty and little ones. Come and see the Lakes of Killarney. Box 0762.

DOCTOR, bored with bimbos seeks intelligent female life form (graduate, 30ish or less?). Fairly insolvent, but with prospects. Yorks/Humberside. Box 0862.

LADY, 27, slim, attractive, loves walks in the rain. Seeks tall, humorous male to dry her off afterwards. Herts/Beds/London. Box 0962.

34 YEARS OLD Asian man, attractive, tall, seeks sincere female friend over 45. Write with address. Box 1962.

GENTLEMAN IN LEEDS, 33, wants lady of good mind and spirit who likes travelling to Leeds or me travelling to you. Box 0959.

IN 1995, lively prof female, 41, wishes to visit Le Manoir, Paris, Venice, Highlands, ROH, to indulge dining, arts and hill-walking interests. Male company sought! Shared costs. Box 1361.

RENAISSANCE MAN, 45, cultured, graduate, Capricorn, seeks plucky, artistic female to escape emotionally sterile marriage. Shropshire. Box 2561.

ATTRACTIVE, UNATTACHED professional man (42) seeks sexy, uninhibited, unpossessive lady for uncomplicated relationship. Phone: 081 444 8950 (home).

HANDSOME, IRANIAN businessman, 32, 5'6", black hair, moustache, slim, seeks sexy girlfriend. Photo please. London/anywhere. Box 2661.

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!

PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.

The UK price is now £7.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 70p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

Send the completed order form below with your remittance to: Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Telephone 071 228 0425

ORDER FORM

I enclose PO/cheque value £..... for .... Private Eye binders *or*

please charge ☐ ACCESS ☐ VISA Card expires:__/__

Card number:

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

..... DATE.....

Please print and use the postcode

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS – CLASSIFIED LINEAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

£1.50 PER WORD LINEAGE
£3.20 PER WORD CENTRED LINEAGE

YOU CAN
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD:
071 734 6887

YOU CAN
USE THE FORM TO MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD:
071 437 0705

WE OFFER
A BOX NUMBER FORWARDING SERVICE TO NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS FOR AN ADDITIONAL £8

WE OFFER
GENEROUS SERIES DISOUNTS
10% FOR 6 ADS / 15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS

THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT

QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION
071 437 4017

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO: _____

_____

_____

_____

Send your advertisement to arrive at least 10 days before publication date with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH number. Do not send cash.

CARD NUMBER:

EXPIRY DATE: ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH):

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE:

_____

OPENING LINES

How Does It Work?

Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

CALIFORNIAN ENGLISH WOMAN, here for New Year then back and forth, blonde, slim , fit, fun intellectual, spiritual, 44, film, theatre, music, seeks special man 34-40, caring, considerate, intelligent and successful. Ring 0660 207557

ANGLO-FRENCH MALE would like to meet an unattached, interesting, stylish lady, 27/37, n/s, for good conversation over dinner? Hampshire/London. Ring 0660 205354

CUDDLY FEMALE, WARM and affectionate, cool and independent, fun loving and friendly, deep and mysterious, seeks similar multifaceted ns trim male in 40s. Ring 0660 208065

CARING PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, 53, sporting, artistic, spiritual, country lover. Seeks lovely, exotic, dark haired, warm hearted lady, under 40, for future together. Are you there? Ring 0660 205357

ATTRACTIVE, UNCONVENTIONAL MALE, 32, solvent, likes, Indie music, jazz, travel. Kind, sensitive and generous nature, seeks attractive spirited female, 18-30. Any nationality welcome. Ring 0660 205320

NEW YEARS RESOLUTION: a man! Not just any man! Laughs a lot, eats out, enjoys films, and more. Woman, 25, hopes you're him! Ring 0660 205266

MALE, 31, TALL, slim, crew cut, handwriting expert, outgoing/assertive, warm and supportive, seeks young lady with intelligence/charm, maybe punk/Goth, wild at heart. Ring 0660 205318

EDUCATED, GOOD LOOKING, lady, 26, seeks intelligent, communicative and caring man, 26-36, interested in books, music, theatre, country walking and travel. Ring 0660 205277

MALE, 29, GOOD LOOKING, romantic, honest, successful graduate seeks attractive, caring, sensitive lady, 18-28, to love and cherish within a permanent relationship. Ring 0660 205307

SHARP, ATTRACTIVE, UNUSUAL woman, 33, interested in music, cinema, politics, people, fitness, looking for astute, stylish, independent man to live life to the full. Ring 0660 205279

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

ARE YOU FED UP OF STUFFING a turkey at Christmas? Broody Spring chicken, 34, cooped up in Berkshire, would love to meet a rich, ravishing rooster, with plenty to crow about! Ring 0660 205289

DISHY ENIGMATIC MALE, 32, truly eclectic, subliminally passionate, wants to share constant emotional avalanche with funny, attractive, intelligent woman 24+, who wants to be happy. Ring 0660 205321

PERCEPTIVE, ATTRACTIVE, EDUCATED, deep thinking woman, 35, with lovely child, interested, arts, Latin culture, psychology, seeking similar, open minded, curious, funny man for change of altitude. Ring 0660 205293

TALL, DARK HAIRED man 32, photographer, good looking. Wants to meet a female for a caring, honest relationship, and above all good times. Ring 0660 205327

I AM A WRITER, attractive, sensuous, brown eyed, warm, friendly, outgoing, caring and sincere, if you are a blue eyed blond, tall professional male, ns, please call. Ring 0660 205295

SPARKLING, SEXY, GOOD looking guy, 35, Jewish, n/o, seeks, attractive, sincere, fun loving woman. Ring 0660 205330

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

NEW YEAR SALE, attractive guy, 37, n/s, with diverse interests, seeks female to share the New Year with. Ring 0660 205332

ATTRACTIVE, TALL, SLIM, brunette, 35, going on 18, who is confident, bright, successful and knows how to have fun. Seeks her perfect man. Ring 0660 205301

DEMANDING, BUT FUN - cultured Englishman, newly solvent, Opera/Theatre/Champagne lover, single, personable, young 40, seeks traditionally glamorous, bright, shapely, amenable, like-minded lady. Ring 0660 205335

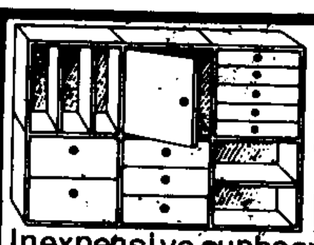
STYLISH, SLIM, DARK, very attractive lady, 49. I am travelled, sincere, romantic and feminine. Seeking handsome, affluent, classy, educated gentleman, to share happiness, 45/55. Ring 0660 205306

INTERESTING HANDSOME MAN, mid 40s, graduate, media, intelligent. Seeks very slim, very intelligent, sexy female, 30s, for good conversation, hedonism, and lots more. Ring 0660 205341

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

FUTON EXPRESS FROM £99

FUTON makers for OVER A DECADE!
LARGE S.A.E. for COLOUR Brochure
48Hour Despatch NATIONWIDE.
MAIN SHOWROOM: 23-27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071 - 833 3945 Fax: 071 - 833 8199
Also Showrooms at: CLAPHAM, CHALK FARM & WALSALL

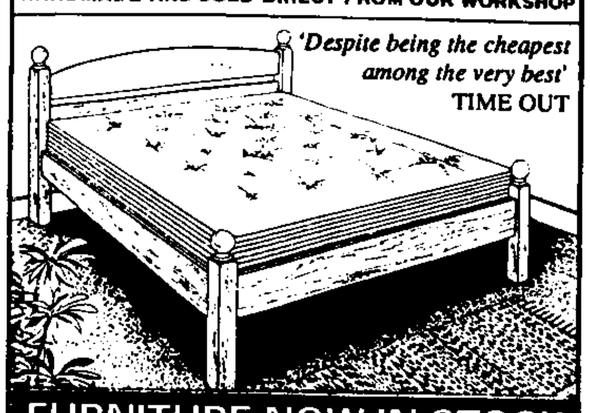


CUBES SHELVING TRESTLES DESKS ETC

Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

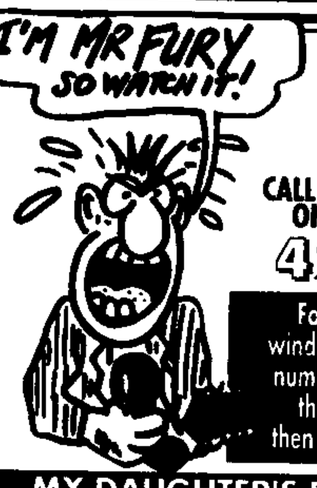
TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT

FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK
242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 071-624 3024



I'LL WIND UP A MATE FOR YOU

CALL ME ON **0336 426 381**

For the best laugh in windups call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction.

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT
0336 426382
YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0336 426383
IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0336 426384
LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSE
0336 426385

Joke Lines, PO Box 43, Warminster Wilts BA12 7RU
Calls charged at 39p/min cheap rate, 49p/min other times

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

GIVE SOMEONE AN ORIGINAL NEWSPAPER DATED THE VERY DAY THEY WERE BORN. From £15 (plus 100-year-old TIMES or GUARDIAN ABSOLUTELY FREE!).

TEL: (0492) 531 195
(0492) 531 303

9am to 9pm every day

AMAZON RAIN FOREST APPEAL!

T- Shirts –100% cotton S, M, L, XL, XXL.
£9.00 inc. p&p. Cheque/PO to:
ELEPHANT HOUSE, Box 8, Elephant & Castle, White Hill, Lewes, E. Sussex BN7 2DJ
ALSO OTHER DESIGNS: 0273 478801

ROLEX WE BUY

THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED

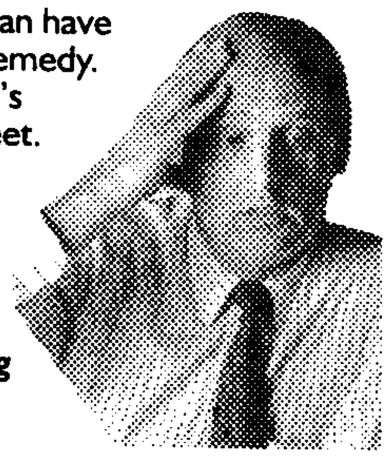
£850 MIN. UPTO £8000 CASH PAID INSTANTLY FOR CURRENT • GMT SUBMARINER•DAYTONA DAY-DATE•EXPLORER II

WANTED
ROLEX *Cartier* PATEK BREITLING HEUER *PIAGET* & *ALL FINE WATCHES*, GOLD OR STEEL, OLD & NEW *DIAMONDS & JEWELLERY*

Bassange Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN LONDON EC1
TEL: 071 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers & Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment.

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
081-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS

04/2754

SCAPEGOAT

THE ANTI-CENSORSHIP MAGAZINE

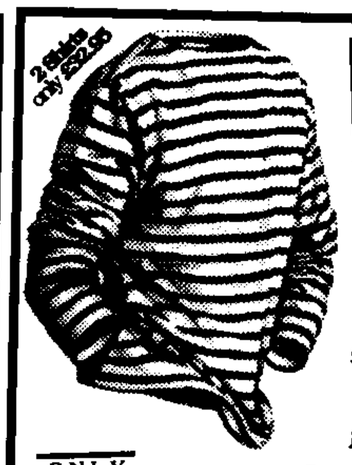
- MARK KERMODE on the BBFC
- TONY ALLEN on David Irving
- ALAN JONES on David Alton
- JULIAN PETLEY on Child's Play III
- STEFAN JAWORZYN on Samhain
- DAVID PROTHERO on Mary Whitehouse

ALSO

- KIM NEWMAN
- MAITLAND McDONAGH
- DAVID FLINT
- JACK STEVENSON
- NANCY McDERMOTT
- IAN KERKHOF *and THE INTERNATIONAL ARTS CENSORSHIP SURVEY with contributions from 39 countries*

ISSUE 1 OUT NOW!

Available at your newsagent or send £2.50 & 50p p&p to:
STRAY CAT PUBLISHING LTD
PO BOX 148, PLYMOUTH PL1 1AX



The Original Breton Shirt

The Traditional French Fisherman's working shirt. Made from 100% knitted cotton. So comfortable - they're addictive !

Cols: Cream/Navy
Cream/Green
Cream/Red
Cream/Burgundy
NEW Cream/Light Blue

ONLY **£16.95** +£1.55 p&p immediate dispatch

Sizes: S(34-36'), M(38-40'), L(42-44'), XL(46-48'), XXL(50')

Cheques/P.O.s:
The Breton Shirt Co, Dept (PE4)
PO Box 15, Brampton, Cumbria, CA8 1RB
Credit Cards:
(08977) 41936
or fax (08977) 41937

The Breton Cap ONLY **£12.95** +£1.55 p&p

The Classic navy fisherman's hat.
Sizes: 6¾ 6⅞ 7 7⅛ 7¼ 7⅜ 7½

Better odds than 14,000,000 to 1

Free Love

Test to find your perfect partner

Does not need to be a lottery

It could be you!

Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

_____ Post Code: _____

Tel No. _____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Religion: _____

Age: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Do you have children of your own?

Yes ❒ No ❒

If yes, how many live with you? _____

3. Your personal details

Height: _____

Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒

Hair colour: _____

Dress/Looks: casual ❒ fashionable ❒

elegant ❒ sporty ❒

PLEASE ENCLOSE 3 FIRST CLASS STAMPS

4. Your work

Present job: _____

Self-employed ❒ employed ❒

civil servant ❒ manual worker ❒

part-time ❒ not working ❒

unemployed ❒ in-training ❒

Schooling

O levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒

Further Education ❒ Polytechnic ❒

University ❒ Business School ❒

Other: _____

5. Your Personality

❒ Warmhearted	❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious	❒ Practical
❒ Considerate	❒ Conventional
❒ Shy	❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic	❒ Adventurous

Here's Your Chance!

Simply complete this questionnaire and send it to us today! Or call us on:

071 938 1011

6. How would people who know you best describe you?

❒ always ready for a joke
❒ somewhat dreamy
❒ never has problems
❒ takes life a bit too seriously
❒ not easily upset
❒ always active
❒ chatty

7. Your interests

❒ Wining/Dining	❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs	❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit	❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History	❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading	❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling	❒ Drinking
❒ Science/Tech	❒ Children
❒ Cinema	❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals	❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music	❒ Countryside

8. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age: ___ Maximum age: ___

Height: min. ___ max. ___ Don't mind ❒

Children?

Yes, at home ❒ Yes, living elsewhere ❒

None ❒

Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Don't mind ❒

Dept. PE 36

Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL *or call us now on 071 938 1011*

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 887